HEATH STREET CHAPEL, HAMPSTEAD.—Services were held on Thursday, June 9th, in this place of worship, to commemorate at the same time the third anniversary of its opening and the extinction of the debt. The Rev. W. M. Punshon, M.A., preached in the afternoon to a large congregation from Acts i. 8; and in the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, which was again filled. James Harvey, Esq., one of the deacons of the church, presided, and after a few opening remarks of congratulation, called on the treasurer of the building fund, S. Baylis, Esq., to present the financial statement. It appeared from this that the entire cost of the chapel and school-room had been upwards of £6,300, and that at its opening in July, 1861, there remained as a debt upon the building £4,000. Shortly after that a resolute effort had been set on foot to raise £3,000 as soon as possible, with the intention of leaving the last £1,000 to future years. By the munificent help of one individual in particular, the cordial co-operation of Christian friends in other churches, and the telling and repeated subscriptions of the members of the congregation itself, this object was happily achieved at the end of last year. The remaining £1,000 had then been privately attempted, and the generous kindness of a few friends had left the congregation no alternative but to complete its liquidation at once. This had now been done, and the treasurer was able to hand over to the trustees of the chapel the mortgage-deed, with a receipt in full for the entire amount. Mr. R. Ware, senior trustee, took possession of the deed, with a few appropriate remarks. The meeting was then addressed by the Rev. W. Brock, of Bloomsbury; the Rev. John Matheson, of the Presbyterian church, Hampstead; Hugh Rose, Esq., of Edinburgh; C. E. Mudie, Esq.; and the Rev. W. Brock, jun., the minister of the chapel.

BLOCKLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE.—On Friday, May 22nd, services were held in connection with the departure of the Rev. J. Wassall to Boston, United States. Tea was provided in the school-room, and afterwards a public meeting was held, and was numerously attended, the Rev. J. Wassall in the chair. After singing, the Rev. W. Cherry offered prayer. Mr. Wassall gave an address, referring to the circumstances which led to his emigration to America, and stating that during his eight years and a half spent in Blockley, he had been permitted to add nearly 100 members to the church, and had received uniform kindness from all parties. The Rev. A. W. Heritage spoke in high terms of Mr. Wassall's ministerial and fraternal services. The Rev. William Allen, of Oxford, bore cheerful testimony to the Christian consistency and excellent business ability of Mr. Wassall, during an intimate acquaintance of nearly twenty years. Mr. George Smith, in an address referring to the usefulness of Mr. Wassall, and expressing the best wishes of all the church for his future prosperity, presented him with a purse of gold as a token of the affectionate regard of his congregation and the inhabitants of the town. Mr. Nicholls presented Mrs. Wassall with a tea and coffee service, presented by the Bible-class she had so long and so efficiently conducted. Several Independent ministers were present, and expressed their high esteem for Mr. Wassall. But one feeling was manifested—thankfulness for the enjoyment of his friendship and co-operation in the past, and earnest desire for his future success.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon preached two sermons on the bowling-green belonging to the "Red Horse," on Tuesday, June 7th. The weather was favourable, and the congregations large and respectable. In the evening it is computed that about 2,000 were present. The collections amounted to £51 12*s.* 2*d.*, which will be divided between Mr. Spurgeon's college and the school-room lately erected in Payton Street, Stratford-on-Avon. Riveted attention was paid to the preacher, whose afternoon subject was "The healing of the lame man at Lystra" (Acts xiv. 7–10), and in the evening, "The Lamb and his redeemed in glory" (Rev. xiv. 1–3). The services were at first announced to be held in the pavilion recently erected for the celebration of the Shakspeare tercentenary, which was kindly granted by Messrs. Branson, and Murray, of Birmingham, the proprietors. But, as it was on land belonging to another owner, the legal agent of this latter gentleman, being highly indignant that such a use should be made of such a building, addressed a letter to the contractors, stating that it *could not* be "used *for such a purpose.*" This course of proceeding has been very far from securing popularity to the author, while it has increased the sympathy with the Baptist friends in this town.

AMERSHAM, BUCKS.—On Wednesday, June 1st, a social meeting was held at the Lower Chapel, Amersham, upon the occasion of the leaving of the Rev. John Price, who has just resigned the pastorate of this church. After tea the chair was taken by the senior deacon, Mr. J. H. Morten. The chairman made a few opening remarks, and then called upon Mr. Clarke and Mr.

Holt, the two other deacons, and Mr. G. Washington Morris, to address the meeting. Mr. Holt, in the course of his remarks, stated that if Mr. Price could only have heard the expressions of affection with which the subscriptions had been universally presented they would ring in his ears and gladden his heart throughout his entire life. Mr. J. H. Morten referred to the dealings of God in his wise dispensations to the church and congregation, and expressed the deep regret felt at the resignation of the pastor. The chairman then presented Mr. Price with a purse containing fifty guineas, as a token of affection and esteem. Mr. Price responded, expressing the deep affection he entertained towards the church and congregation, and acknowledging with much feeling the kindness he had constantly received. Mr. G. W. Morris gave a few words of encouragement to the church and congregation from a retrospect of the past.

Walworth Road, London.—The foundation-stone of new school-buildings about to be erected at the rear of, and in connection with, Walworth Road Chapel, was laid on Wednesday, June 15, by W. H. Watson, Esq., senior deacon of the church, and secretary of the Sunday School Union. In the evening a public meeting was held, George Bayley, Esq., in the chair, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. W. Brock, S. Cowdy, S. Coley (Wesleyan), W. Groser, Esq., J. Corderoy, Esq., J. Eastty, Esq., and the pastor, the Rev. W. Howieson. The schools are being erected to provide accommodation for the Sunday school which for fifty-five years has been conducted in Lion Street, Walworth. The estimated cost, including fittings and furniture, is £2,200, towards which a jubilee memorial fund was raised in 1862, which, with interest, now amounts to £850. Contributions were laid upon the stone amounting to £53 16*s.* 8*d.*, the greater part of this sum being gifts subscribed or collected by the scholars; this, with a few donations and the collection, amounted to £122, as the result of the day's proceedings. The buildings are to be completed in September, and previous to being opened it is intended to hold a bazaar, in order to raise additional funds.

Wallingford, Berks.—The Baptist chapel in this place, which has recently undergone considerable alteration and repair, was reopened on Sunday, May 22nd, when two sermons were preached to numerous congregations by the pastor, the Rev. T. Brooks. On the Monday evening a tea-meeting was held in the school-room, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. The Rev. T. Brooks presided, and gave a brief statement of the steps which had led to the improvement of the place. Mr. Hawkins gave an account of the pecuniary position of the undertaking. Addresses were then delivered by the Revs. P. Scorey, W. T. Rosevear, J. Aldis, of Reading, W. Allen, of Oxford, and other friends. The building presents a very marked improvement, and contrasts very favourably with the plain, old-fashioned aspect it for so many years wore. The cost of the restoration will be nearly £400. Towards this amount £112 has been already subscribed; £29 10*s.* was collected (including the proceeds of the tea-meeting on Monday) after the services; and sufficient is promised—the payment of which will extend over three years—to liquidate the whole debt, with the exception of about £65.

Harlington, Middlesex.—The Rev. T. C. Atkinson, who for several months past has ministered to the Baptist church, Harlington, was publicly recognised as the pastor of the church on Tuesday, June 7th. The ordination service commenced with praise, and prayer offered by the Rev. E. J. Evans. The usual questions were asked by the Rev. J. Gibson, and replied to by Mr. Atkinson in a lucid statement of his Christian experience, doctrinal opinions, views of the Christian ministry, and of the manner in which he proposed to discharge the duties of the pastoral office. The ordination prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Gibson. The charge was given by the Rev. R. P. Clarke, of Uxbridge, who took for his text the words, "A good minister of Jesus Christ," from which he discoursed on the duties, responsibilities, and resources of a good minister. The closing prayer was offered and the benediction pronounced by the Rev. W. Freeman. The Revs. G. Robbins and T. F. Penn also took part in the service. In the evening the Rev. W. Miall preached a sermon to the church and congregation, and the Revs. G. Robbins and A. Gliddon conducted the devotional exercises.

Rayleigh, Essex.—On Tuesday, May 17th, the large and handsome school just completed here was opened. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by the Rev. Daniel Katterns, of Hackney, from the text, "He went about doing good," after which upwards of 300 persons took tea in the new school-room. A public meeting was held in the chapel at night, when the Rev. Messrs. Cave, Wastell, and Lanthois, of London; and the Rev. Messrs. Hayward, Oliver, Richardson, Nugent, Taylor, and other ministers from the surrounding

towns and villages, delivered congratulatory addresses. Mr. J. Blomfield, the secretary, read the report, showing that the £430 required to meet the sum expended had entirely been made up by the money received that day, which, including a second cheque of £25 received from Samuel Morley, Esq., amounted to £49 11s. At the close of the meeting a cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mr. John Sudbury, of Halstead, for his kind gift of the design for the building, &c. In addition to the above work, the building of a room at the back of the school is contemplated, which can be used as a class-room and for other useful purposes—the cost of which will be about £30.

ROTHERHAM. — Public services were held in the Baptist chapel, Rotherham, on Friday, June 10th, to publicly recognise the Rev. J. Arnold, student of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's College, London, as pastor of the church in that place. The introductory portion of the service in the afternoon was conducted by the Rev. J. P. Campbell, of Sheffield, who also put the usual questions to the church and pastor, which were satisfactorily answered. Prayer was offered by the Rev. J. Vaughan (Independent), of Masbro'; after which the Rev. G. Rogers, theological tutor of Mr. Spurgeon's College, delivered the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. C. Larom, of Sheffield, to the church. The service was closed by the Rev. J. Compston, of Barnsley, offering prayer. The congregation then adjourned to the school-room to tea, when about 220 sat down, after which a public meeting was held in the chapel. James Yates, Esq., J.P., presided. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. F. Falding, D.D., tutor of Rotherham College (Independent); J. P. Campbell, C. Larom, of Sheffield; G. Rogers, of London; J. Fisher, of Rawmarsh; J. Arnold, and several friends of the town.

YARMOUTH, NORFOLK.—On Thursday, June 2nd, the Baptist chapel which has been recently erected upon the ground formerly known as "The Bleach," facing Crown Road and St. George's Denes, was formally opened by special religious services. The chapel is a neat, unpretending structure of white brick, and is seated for the accommodation of about 400 persons. The total cost of the building, including the ground, was about £1,500. At the morning service, the Rev. Mr. Price, the pastor, gave out the hymns, the Rev. Mr. Green read the lessons, and the Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, preached, and took for his text, Deut. xxxii. 3, 4,—"Ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the rock, his work is perfect." At two o'clock, about 100 friends sat down to an excellent dinner at the Corn Hall, Mr. G. Blake in the chair. The company was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Price (who stated that the collection in the morning had been £67); the Revs. T. A. Wheeler and G. Gould, of Norwich; the Rev. W. Simpson (Wesleyan), Rev. W. Tritton, and other gentlemen.

PORTMADOC, CARNARVONSHIRE.—Very interesting services were held at the above place on Wednesday and Thursday, June 1st and 2nd, in connection with the ordination of Mr. David Charles, late of the Rev. G. P. Evans's College, Swansea, to the pastorate of the Baptist church. Sermons were preached on the Wednesday evening by the Revs. J. D. Williams, of Bangor, and T. E. James, of Glynneath. On the Thursday morning the Rev. T. E. James delivered an address on the constitution of a Christian church, asked the usual questions of the young minister, and offered up the ordination prayer. The Rev. J. D. Williams delivered an able address to the minister, and the Rev. Lewis Jones, of Pwllheli, to the church. In the afternoon and evening sermons were delivered by the Revs. Stephen Thomas, of Nevin, T. E. James, J. D. Williams, and L. Jones. Two of the brethren were also set apart to the deaconship of the church. The services throughout were well attended, and deeply interesting.

LLANGIAN, CARNARVONSHIRE. — Very interesting services in connection with the ordination of the Rev. G. B. Jones to the pastorate of the above Baptist church were held on the 30th and 31st of May. On the Monday evening the service was introduced by the Rev. J. Ll. Owens, of Llanbhairn, and sermons were preached by the Revs. G. H. Roberts, of Tabor, and J. D. Williams, of Bangor. On the Tuesday morning the Rev. O. J. Roberts, of Lleyn, led the devotions. The Rev. L. Jones, of Pwllheli, explained the constitution of Christian churches, and the Rev. J. D. Williams offered the ordination prayer, and afterwards preached a very interesting sermon. In the afternoon the Revs. J. Ll. Owens, and L. Jones preached; and in the evening the Rev. S. Thomas, of Nevin, J. Ll. Owens, and J. D. Williams preached. The services throughout were well attended, and the Divine presence was evidently felt.

NEWBRIDGE, RADNOR.—Services were held at this place May 30th and 31st, in connection with the ordination of Mr. John Nicholas, late student of Pontypool College, to be co-pastor with the Rev. D. Jarman, who has been the minister of the place upwards of fifty-one years, but is

now unable, owing to his advanced age, to retain the entire charge. The following ministers took part in the proceedings:—the Revs. D. Jarman, of Newbridge; D. Davies, of Dolau; D. Davies, of Nantgwyn; G. Phillips, of Gladestry; J. Jones, of Maesyrhelem; S. Thomas, of Dyffryn Cleirwen; J. Edwards, of Llanidloes; and E. Roberts, of Newtown. On Tuesday evening, the 31st, a meeting was also held at Piagah, Breconshire—a branch cause—when the Revs. S. Thomas and D. Davies, of Nantgwyn, officiated. Mr. Nicholas has commenced his labours with cheering prospects.

CHIPPENHAM, WILTS.—The friends of the Rev. J. J. Joplin, who has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of a Baptist church at Halifax, Nova Scotia, presented him and Mrs. Joplin, on Thursday, June 9th, with testimonials of their affectionate regard. A tea-meeting was held in the school-room, and then a public meeting in the chapel, at which E. Anstie, Esq., of Devizes, presided. The presentation consisted of a gold watch and a purse of fifteen sovereigns. The Rev. Messrs. Burton, of Frome; Pugh, of Devizes; Hurlestone, of Calne; and Barnes, of Trowbridge, were present, and gave expression to their kindly wishes towards Mr. Joplin and his family, and counsel to the church whose pastor is thus removed from them. Mr. and Mrs. Joplin, with their four children, sailed from the Mersey, at midday on the 11th ult., in the *Africa*, for Halifax.

KNIGHTON, RADNORSHIRE.—The foundation-stone of a Baptist chapel in this important and rising Welsh town took place on Tuesday, the 7th of June. The ceremony was performed by Mr. D. J. Chapman, who generously placed on the stone £50; other offerings followed until the sum reached £78. The Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liverpool, delivered an appropriate address, and in the evening an admirable lecture on "Common Sense," in the assembly-room, to a crowded audience, W. W. Archibald, Esq., presiding. The profits amounted to about £15. The Revs. G. Phillips, Evenjobb, W. H. Payne, Presteign, J. Jones, and D. Evans (pastor), took part in the proceedings. The chapel is intended to seat 450; the estimated cost is about £500 (measure fifty-one feet by thirty-one), towards which £190 have now been realized.

LYDBROOK, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Monday, June 13th, the members and friends connected with the Baptist cause in the above place, met for the purpose of presenting to the Rev. T. Watkinson (their late pastor), a testimonial of their affectionate regard. About five o'clock the friends sat down to tea, after which the public meeting commenced, when Mr. Roberts, of Ross, presided. The presentation was made by Mr. Rudge, which consisted of a very handsome silver teapot. Mr. Watkinson replied in a very touching and suitable manner. The meeting was then addressed by the Revs. P. Prees, T. H. Jones, J. Beard, and Messrs. Rhodes and Provis, all of whom gave expression to their kindly feelings and wishes towards Mr. Watkinson, whose labours have been very extensively blessed in this neighbourhood.

NEW MILFORD, PEMBROKESHIRE.—On Thursday, May 19th, an interesting recognition service was held at the Baptist chapel in this place, in connection with the settlement of the Rev. E. Edwards, Pillgwenlly, Newport. In the afternoon sermons were preached by the Revs. D. Davies, Pembroke, and J. R. Jenkins, Tenby. In the evening, addresses were delivered on given subjects by the Revs. J. Williams, B.A., Narberth; W. Owens, Solva; T. Burditt, M.A., and T. Davies, D.D., of the Baptist College, Haverfordwest. Several neighbouring ministers also took part in the services. The present aspect of this infant interest appears cheering, and promises well for future success.

WYLE COP CHAPEL, SHREWSBURY.—On Sunday, June 19th, the Rev. J. D. Alford, late minister of the Wednesbury Circuit of the United Methodist Free Church, preached in the above place from Acts ii. 38, 39, stating the views he had been led to embrace upon the subject of baptism, after which, he was baptized by the Rev. J. Smith, of Pontesbury. Mr. Skemp, a local preacher from the same body, was baptized at the same time. Mr. Alford is now open to supply vacant churches with a view to the pastorate. Communications addressed to him, care of Mr. Skemp, Bilston, will be immediately forwarded.

GARWAY, HEREFORD. — The Baptist chapel at the above place having undergone thorough repair, and considerable alterations and improvements, was reopened on Wednesday, June 1st, when three sermons were preached. The Rev. James Bullock, M.A., of Abergavenny, preached in the morning from Romans viii. 24. In the afternoon Yonannah El Carey, an Arabian, and now a student for the ministry, delivered a discourse founded on Revelation xxii. 17. In the evening the Rev. J. Penny preached from 1 Kings xviii. 41–45. The collections during the day amounted to £21 3*s.* 0*d.*

MINISTERIAL CHANGES. — The Rev. Joseph Drew, nineteen years pastor of the Baptist church, Newbury, having accepted the unanimous invitation of the church meeting in Trinity Road Chapel, Halifax, to become their pastor, is expected to enter upon his duties on the 24th of July. —The Rev. C. Bailhache, of Watford, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate from the church meeting in Cross Street, Islington, and hopes to commence his labours in his new sphere on Sunday, July 3rd.—The Rev. Joseph Price intends to resign the pastorate of the Baptist church, Montacute, Somerset, at Michaelmas next, after a connection of forty-three years; leaving, to the deep regret of a warmly attached people, on account of advancing age, and the need of relief from pastoral duties and responsibilities.—The Rev. T. R. Stevenson, of Harlow, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the church worshipping in Union Chapel, Luton, and intends commencing his labours there shortly. —The Rev. T. Rose (late of Pershore), wishes us to mention that his address for the present is—Kettering, Northamptonshire.—Mr. R. A. Shadick, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. J. Turner, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the congregation meeting in the Assembly Room, Old Swan, near Liverpool.—Mr. T. Cannon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle College, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist church worshipping in East Street Chapel, Newton Abbot, to become its pastor.—The Rev. John Brooks, late of Ebenezer Chapel, South Shields, has accepted the unanimous invitation of the churches at Shotley and Rowley, to become their pastor. He entered on his labours the first Sunday in May.—The Rev. W. Hayward has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church, King Street, Wigan, and has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church, at Redruth, Cornwall.—The Rev. E. Bott, of Barton Fabis, terminates his pastorate of that church in the middle of July.—The Rev. Harvey Phillips, of Rawdon College, having received a cordial and unanimous call to the pastorate of the church meeting in Scarisbrick Street Chapel, Wigan, has agreed to supply them for twelve months, and will commence his stated labours on the first Sunday in July.—Mr. T. Foston, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the cordial invitation of the church meeting at Salem Chapel, Clarence Parade, Cheltenham, to become its pastor, and hopes to enter upon his labours on Sunday, July 3rd.—Mr. Parry, of the Baptist College, Bristol, has accepted the cordial invitation of the Baptist church at Wells to become its pastor, and will enter upon his labours on Sunday, July 3rd.

GENERAL.

THE BISHOP OF NATAL ON JUDICIAL OATHS.—The Right Rev. Dr. Colenso has forwarded to the Society for procuring the Abolition of Judicial Oaths a donation of two guineas, accompanying his remittance with the following letter:—"Sir,—I cannot doubt that it is my duty to lend what support I can to the association for procuring the abolition of the practice of taking oaths in a court of justice, for the following reasons:—1. The practice in question appears to me to be *demoralising*, as it teaches people to consider that a lie, deliberately told in common life, without an oath, is less wicked than a lie told under the sanction of an oath. 2. It is *superstitious*, as it implies that the Divine Judge will be more present when appealed to by an oath, than when a deliberate lie is told under ordinary circumstances. 3. It is *illiberal*, and contrary to the whole spirit of modern legislation, which recognises the principle that the State should make no distinction between the subjects of the Queen, on account of any difference in religious opinion, and above all should not *persecute* and lay under civil disabilities in order to encourage and enforce certain forms of religious opinion. 4. It is *unjust*, since the grossest idolator, and the savage who knows nothing of the being of a God, are yet, as subjects of the Queen, admitted to give their evidence, for what it is worth, in the colonial courts of justice. 5. It is *impolitic*, since a dishonest rogue may escape the necessity of giving evidence by pretending to be an atheist; while the ends of justice may be defeated, and a villain be turned loose to prey upon society, because the person injured by him, though professing to be an atheist, may be too upright and conscientious to hide his profession, and lie to his own soul and to his fellow-men, in order that his testimony may be received in court, and his person and goods find protection from the law. 6. It is altogether *unnecessary*, as the punishment due to false testimony may just as well be laid upon the false *assertor* as on the false *swearer*. —I am, Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NATAL. P.S.—The best comment upon the practical value of the system of taking oaths, as a means of securing that the truth shall be told in a court of justice, is given by the statement of Mr. Baron Martin at

the late Devizes Assizes, March 28th, as reported in *The Times* of March 30th. Mr. Martin said:—'The offence of perjury was becoming exceedingly common; for he did not believe there was a single day in which perjury was not committed in courts of justice.'"

THE BURMESE MISSION AND MRS. MASON.—We have received a pamphlet of 132 closely-printed octavo pages from Burmah. The document is nothing less than the proceedings of a council, called from all the missions in Burmah, by the Rev. Messrs. Cross and Bixby, in the case of the troubles which Mrs. Mason has brought upon the Toungoo Mission by her silly and injurious hallucinations. The meeting of the council was held at Toungoo in October last, and subsequently in Rangoon. The missionaries present at the first meeting were Kincaid, Beecher, Stevens, Vinton, and Haswell; and at the second meeting, Bennett, Binney, Rose, and Carpenter, with the above-named brethren. The investigations appear to have been of the most thorough character, and the result of all was the unanimous adoption of a report declaring Mrs. Mason, in religious matters, to be labouring under hallucinations amounting to monomania, to which is to be added an "unscrupulous ambition and thirst for notoriety"; that the peace of the mission requires her removal from it; and that Dr. Mason is blameworthy for the part he has taken in sustaining her. The record of the council is a sorrowful illustration of what may be the baneful influence of a misguided woman, when substituting her own whims for the teachings of God.—*New York Examiner.*

LAY AND CLERICAL ADDRESS TO THE ARCHBISHOPS.—The following address to the Archbishops is being circulated for signature:—"To his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan; to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England and Metropolitan:—We, the undersigned clergymen and laymen of the several provinces of England and Ireland, hereby acknowledge with deep gratitude the pastorals lately issued by your graces to the two provinces of Canterbury and York. Our fervent prayer is that your graces may be richly endowed with wisdom from on high, and may be enabled, with the other primates and bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, to take effectual counsel for upholding, amid the peculiar dangers of the present times, the Divine authority of Holy Scripture and the integrity of the faith, so that the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour may be taught in all its purity amongst ourselves, and handed on, without diminution or addition, to our children's children." A large number of signatures to the address have been already received. Amongst them are those of the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone, Archdeacon Denison, Dr. Pusey, &c., &c.

A CHRISTIAN VICAR AT THE GRAVE OF A POOR NONCONFORMIST.—A very beautiful example of Christian liberality was witnessed recently at the funeral of an aged Christian, the late Mr. Lightwood, for some thirty years clerk of the Independent chapel in Bridge-street, Walsall. The worthy vicar of the parish, the Rev. J. H. Sharwood, who had been in the habit of visiting the deceased weekly for many years, walked with the Rev. Dr. Gordon, and the deacons of the church, at the head of the funeral procession to the cemetery. At the close of the portion of the service of the Church of England for the Burial of the Dead which is read in the chapel, which inimitable form the rev. doctor uses at his funerals, the vicar addressed the congregation at some length on the character of the deceased, and expressed the high estimate he entertained of the humble Christian about to be committed to the dust. He was not ashamed to acknowledge that the materials for many of his sermons had been gathered from conversations held with his poor friend. At the grave the excellent clergyman joined audibly in the responses connected with the service.—*Patriot.*

MR. GLADSTONE AND VOLUNTARYISM.—Mr. Gladstone, while he has lately done so much to raise the hopes of political reformers, has not forgotten, whether consciously or unconsciously, to afford some of his powerful aid to Voluntaries. At the recent annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, he repeated the story about the admirable results which have followed the withdrawal of the Queen's letter, spoke eloquently of the advantages of self-reliance, and bade his audience beware of Chancellors of the Exchequer. Mr. Gladstone may think it too soon to advocate an exclusive reliance on Voluntaryism for home evangelization, but he has done everything he well could to suggest the idea. To us it is amazing that those who hope to Christianize the heathen world without the aid of State machinery should gravely insist that the use of such machinery is absolutely essential for the maintenance of Christianity in England.—*Liberator.*

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND WESLEYAN MINISTERS.—A Wesleyan minister sends a copy of the following printed circular to *The Watchman*. He says it has been sent to him:—"Any Wesleyan minister wishing to become a clergyman of the Church of England, can be admitted to St. Aidan's College without the preparatory examination, and on advantageous terms, the particulars of which may be known on application to the principal.—St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead, May, 1864."

REFUSAL TO BURY A CHILD AT NETHERTON.—On Sunday, the 5th of June, a respectable inhabitant of Netherton—Mr. William Eley, a Baptist Protestant Dissenter—wished to bury a child of his, aged thirteen months, in the Church of England burying-ground, when he was informed by the rev. incumbent that the corpse would not be permitted to enter the church, and that neither himself nor his curate would read the burial service over the remains at the grave, inasmuch as the child had not been admitted into the Church of England by the rite of infant baptism. Under the circumstances, the father submitted to the child being buried without the service. But these facts becoming generally known, the pastor of the chapel where the parents attended, accompanied by a portion of his congregation, proceeded with the corpse to the church, where the Rev. Mr. Major had an interview with the clergyman, and requested permission to sing a hymn at the grave, which request was rudely denied, and the Dissenting minister and his friends ordered to leave the churchyard, which they did. The Dissenting minister then addressed the people outside the gates, from the top of the mourning-coach, after which they sang a hymn, and quietly dispersed—the clergyman intimating to Mr. Major that whatever power the law invested him with he would assuredly use.—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

DISCIPLINE IN DISSENTING CHURCHES NOT HINDERED BY LAW.—A member of a Dissenting congregation in Wales, a woman, being charged by one of the brethren with unchastity, and turned out of the congregation in consequence, brought an action for slander; and the case, which came on in the shape of a demurrer to the declaration, was argued some days since before the Court of Queen's Bench. Counsel contended, on the part of the defendant, that refusal of communion and denial of association with the ministers and leaders of a religious congregation were not special temporal damage, and that, therefore, the action could not lie. The Lord Chief Justice held a similar opinion, but thought "the law was cruelly hard which prevented a married woman whose character had been wantonly assailed from vindicating it by action, unless she could show some substantial temporal damage."

Editorial Notes for the Month.

AT the time we write the great question which is agitating England from one end to the other is the awful one of Peace or War. Probably the question will have been definitely settled before this page appears, so that it is useless to indulge conjectures or to venture on predictions; but at present the probabilities all point to an immediate resumption of hostilities between Germany and Denmark; in which case it is thought by many that England will sooner or later interfere. That the popular sympathy is largely with Denmark it were foolish to deny; though whether that sympathy will go the length of plunging us into a conflict with Austria and Prussia it is impossible yet to tell. France stands somewhat haughtily aside. Is the Emperor resenting the refusal of Lord Russell to unite in his European Congress, or is he looking with a longing eye to the provinces that border on the Rhine?

American affairs have caused much excitement during the month. The army of the Federals, under General Grant, has forced its way through

blood and slaughter to a position less than ten miles from Richmond; but between General Grant and Richmond there stands the, as yet, unbroken line of General Lee. Meantime the too-notorious *Alabama* has finished her piratical career, and she now lies under the blue waves almost within sight of the British shore. Preparations are being made in the North for the election of President, and all the probabilities point to the re-election of President Lincoln.

Parliament has been busy about many things. The Opposition have done their best to "bother" Lord Palmerston with the vexed question of Denmark and the Duchies, and there have been rumours of a serious attempt to upset the Government by a vote of want of confidence in their foreign policy. The "Permissive Bill" and the Ballot have both been rejected by large majorities. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has carried through the Commons his valuable Bill for Government Assurances and Annuities; and the Attorney-General has been compelled to withdraw his Church-building Acts Consolidation Bill, to which we referred last month, and by which he would have legalised Church-Rates in some two thousand additional parishes. Mr. Dodson's Bill for the Abolition of University Tests at Oxford, has been allowed to advance another stage.

A name that was once famous has disappeared from the list of the living. Mr. Smith O'Brien, the Irish agitator, died at Bangor on the 18th ult. He had long ceased to take any prominent part in political affairs—indeed to this he was virtually pledged by the merciful policy of the Government towards him. Now he disappears, almost without a record, from the world in which he had played so sad a part. We are told that he was a gentleman and a Christian: we hope that he lived long enough to see the folly and the sinfulness of his former career.

The Denominational history of the month centres almost wholly in the meetings of the Associations. We have given a brief account of those meetings elsewhere. The only thing to be regretted in regard to them is, that the statistical returns are so generally unfavourable. The rate of increase to the churches had fallen low enough in the *last* annual returns: this year, it is to be feared that the rate will be still lower. The fact suggests important inquiries to which we may draw attention another month: meantime there are many suggestions which are sufficiently obvious, to which we shall all do well to take heed. Certainly, if we all did our duty, the progress of our churches would be recorded at a much more satisfactory rate. What is our fault, and where? Is it in our system, or in ourselves? Do we fail to respond as we should to the gracious challenge of our Lord: "*Prove me now herewith*, and see whether I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to contain it"?

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

AUGUST, 1864.

THE ASSOCIATIONS REPORTING PROGRESS.

Our readers will doubtless have read the summary which we gave in our last Number of the Annual Meetings of the Associations. These meetings have been largely attended, deeply interesting, very devotional, and highly encouraging. They demonstrate a fact, which many have questioned—that Baptists are united, that they hold fellowship with one another in the Gospel, that they are equally able and willing to co-operate in the extension of the kingdom of the Redeemer, and that they regard themselves as called to an aggressive enterprise as well as to a defence of the truth. The denomination has "the dew of its youth" upon it. There are no signs of decrepitude, no marks even of old age, visible in it. Grateful for a long past, reaching back to the age of the apostles, the Baptists rejoice with trustful hope in a longer future, reaching forward to the coming of Christ. Gazing round upon unoccupied fields of labour in professedly Christian lands, and looking abroad upon the dreary wastes of Heathendom, the Baptist denomination reconsecrates itself to the work of the Lord with all the fervour of a first love, and with all the buoyancy of youthful zeal. The recent Association meetings have inspired us with devout thankfulness to God for what he has accomplished in and by the Baptists, and with gladsome anticipations of brighter days to come for our denomination.

Those of our readers who are accustomed to attend Associational gatherings, will often have noted the eager curiosity which the brethren manifest to hear the reports from the churches, and the careful manner in which the gains and losses in membership are jotted down over against the name of each church in the last year's *Circular Letter*. Such brethren must have been gratified at the meetings so lately held. The clear increase in the fourteen churches of the North-Western Association is sixty-seven, nearly five per church. The Midland Association reports an increase of thirty per cent. On the whole, though few Associations can tell of large accessions, the churches appear to be steadily progressing in numbers, the gains exceeding the losses, and the result justifying the confidence that the

preaching of the Cross is, as in the days of the apostles, the power of God unto salvation. Statistics have their value, and we should deprecate their suppression; but they must not be taken as an infallible criterion of the spiritual state of the churches. We have sometimes been surprised to observe that, when the additions to membership have been numerous, the Association has been jubilant and hopeful; and when few have been added, it has been sorrowfully self-accusing. It is forgotten that there is a time to sow as well as a time to reap, and that, while statistics tabulate for us the amount of work which is done by the reaper, they are silent respecting the sowing. Statistics are not a test of the value of the labour done, nor can they be made the gauge of the worth of the labourer. Judged by the number of converts, Elijah the Tishbite was an unsuccessful prophet. Notwithstanding all his sermons and his miracles, with the long famine and returning plenty to help him, the greatest of Hebrew preachers "laboured in vain and spent his strength for naught," so far as detaching worshippers from the false god was concerned. We do not read that Elijah's ministry won a single convert from Baalism for "the only living and true God." Had he reported year after year to an Association that he had received none into the church, a few of the brethren would have shaken their heads in doubt, and many others would have thought that Elijah had mistaken his vocation. As a man may deserve success and not secure it (or rather *seem* to secure it), so a man may appear to lose ground while he is really doing God's will. On one occasion, the Lord Jesus himself preached a sermon to the church of which he was visible Head and pastor. The discourse gave such great offence—it was too spiritual for carnal hearers—that "from that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him." It is hinted in the Gospel history (sixth chapter of John) that only the twelve remained faithful. The announcement at a modern Association that some hundreds had withdrawn from a church, and that the membership had been reduced to twelve, would be listened to in astonishment, and the unhappy pastor would be regarded as unsuitable for his post. The subject of statistics has, we know, another side; and for ourselves we value them highly, and would on no account dispense with them. There are, however, other facts which cannot be tabulated, and which must be considered in estimating the work of a church or its minister. Statistics, we repeat, tell of the reaping: and it is generally the case that "one soweth and another reapeth." The apparently unprosperous are usually the sowers, while the reapers are evidently successful. Whether of the two is doing the greater work, God alone knows. If we were compelled to choose our own task, we should ask to be permitted to sow the seed; and though we never reaped, we should not lose the reward, for in the time of harvest sower and reaper will rejoice together. Go on with thy work, sower of the seed, content that for a time, if need be for all time, the precious seed shall be buried, and others remain ignorant of thy toil: "good and faithful," thou shall "enter into the joy of thy Lord," whatever men below think of thee. And thou, reaper of the grain, see to it that thou despisest not the sower, without whose labour thou wouldest not reap, but as thou gatherest in the fruit,

and tellest the number of thy sheaves, remember that "other men have laboured, and thou hast entered into their labours." Would that the churches were more desirous to be faithful to Christ in their work than to appear successful! It may help us to this fidelity to bear in mind, that *statistics know nothing of the sowing, only report the reaping*, and thus leave one half, if not three-fourths, of the labour of the church unmentioned.

One feature of the Association meetings is especially promising—the prominence given to Home Mission effort. A stranger, who knew the Baptists only through the *Hand-Book*, would be apt to think that they are unmindful of the claims of their own country upon their Christian sympathies. He reads in last year's *Hand-Book* that they subscribe to the Foreign Missions some £30,000 a year, while the income of the Baptist Home Missionary Society is little more than £1,300. But this impression would be false. Our Associations are Home Missionary Societies. During the year 1863–4, for instance, Northamptonshire distributed £225 among six needy churches; Norfolk and Suffolk spent £95, and Huntingdonshire a like sum, in Home Mission work; Wilts and East Somersetshire expended nearly £100 in evangelizing places otherwise destitute of the Gospel; Yorkshire devoted £236 to this object; and Lancashire and Cheshire set aside as their Home Mission Fund, £277 5s. 9d. Other Associations join in the pious task of sending the Gospel to "the agricultural and manufacturing districts of Great Britain;" and the recent Association meetings show that the liveliest interest is taken by the churches in the performance of this duty. Most of the churches are Home Missionary Societies. The Yorkshire Circular Letter, for 1864, which has been forwarded to us, reports that there are in that county sixty-two preaching stations, besides the chapels in which the churches statedly meet for worship. The Lancashire and Cheshire Letter, which also lies upon our table, informs us that in those two counties there are forty-eight places in which the Gospel is regularly preached. So that *in these two Associations we have no less than one hundred and ten Home Mission stations directly supported by the churches, and which are, therefore, not included in the reports of "County Missions," or the "Baptist Home Missionary Society."* Our Lancashire friends at their last anniversary made a contribution to the Home Mission Fund a condition of membership in their Association; and the tendency throughout the denomination is towards a more vigorous prosecution of the work of the Lord at home. This is a healthy feature in our Associations, a sign of robust life, and an earnest of yet greater usefulness.

The review of the Association meetings convinces us that our churches cherish large sympathies and a comprehensive charity. Their annual services were as varied as their claims upon them. Prayer abounded. We never remember to have noticed such conclusive evidence that the churches are looking to the Strong for strength, and realize that "God giveth the increase." The early prayer-meeting has become an established institution. This year, other services have been set apart for the supplicating of Divine help; and if a praying people must prosper, prosperity will attend our Associated churches. In several Associations there seems

to be a disposition to substitute addresses on special subjects for sermons. The Suffolk and Norfolk brethren appear to have had no preaching; but the Revs. C. Elven, T. M. Morris, and J. Webb, spoke "On the Union of Prayer and Effort for the Spread of the Gospel," "On Christian Life—its Nature and Manifestation," and "On the Duty of Churches to Support their Pastors, and the Best Means of Accomplishing it." Wales retains its partiality for preaching. After a double lecture in the evening of the first day, the "Old Welsh Association" listened to two sermons before breakfast the next morning, to three more at the morning service, to other three in the afternoon, and to a concluding three at night. In about twelve hours, the good people heard eleven sermons. Another fact in this connection is noteworthy: the practice of reading papers is extending. At the meeting of the Devon Association, Mr. J. Holmden, of Plymouth, read a paper on "Evangelistic Effort," which was followed by a resolution "to employ an evangelist for the more destitute parts of the county." Another Association (the Leicestershire) requested one of its ministers to prepare a paper for the next meeting, "On the Origin and Progress of the Baptist Denomination in the County of Leicester." It is difficult to determine the wisest and readiest mode of presenting doctrine and practice to the churches. Perhaps there are some in each Association who would be most benefited by one alone of these means of addressing them. Short speeches on special subjects, sermons, and papers, might succeed each other, and be made useful to all attendants. The reading of a paper, if accompanied by a conference, can be none other than productive of good. It has also occurred to some brethren, whether the Moderator might not with advantage to the Association begin the meetings by a carefully-prepared address, which should give tone and character to the entire series of services. The committee of the Baptist Missionary Society must be cheered by the undeniable and earnest interest which the churches take in the conversion of the heathen to Christ. With very few exceptions, and right heartily, the Associations have renewed their assurances of zealous co-operation with the executive of our honoured and beloved society in their labours. Other claims have not been forgotten. The Rev. J. G. Oncken has successfully pleaded before two or three county meetings in behalf of the German Mission, and has received practical proof that the Baptists of England wish him and his brethren "good speed" in their noble enterprise. He asked for funds to support six additional missionaries, and he obtained them, we understand, from Lancashire and Yorkshire. The business meetings of the Associations this year have been characterized by singular unanimity, a many-sided helpfulness, and a godly resolve to respond to every call which God makes upon the churches. In a few cases, the brethren have also united in celebrating the dying love of Jesus. Why not in all? This sacred service, designed to perpetuate the remembrance of Christ, would appropriately close every Association anniversary; and we would suggest to secretaries and committees, whether communion with each other and their common Lord in the holy ordinance of the Supper, would not crown and consummate the fellowship of the associated churches.

At several Association meetings, the claims of the Baptist Union were brought before the churches, and considerable interest was taken in its prospects. We are glad to observe that the Midland Association has invited the Union to meet at Birmingham in the autumn, and we hope to see the announcement that the invitation is accepted. Why should not our Union be as popular as our Associations? It is unquestionably a denominational anomaly, that a county Association anniversary should be more numerously attended than the annual meeting of The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland. The fact that the Association secures the presence of nearly all the ministers and a fair proportion of the active deacons of a county, is sufficient evidence that there is no abstract or practical objection to union. Now that the Union has resolved on a more vigorous prosecution of its objects, may we not hope that it will become to the country what the Association is to a county? The autumnal meeting at Birmingham, should it be held, may be made helpful in attaining this much-desired end. We would respectfully suggest to the secretaries and the committee of the Union that, by providing devotional meetings, preaching services, papers and conferences, they would attract to their meetings the wisest and the best and the most earnest among the Baptists. Brethren will not travel fifty, much less more than a hundred miles, to hurry through a score of resolutions, without opportunity of deliberation, and to complete the business of a session at a single sitting. Let the autumnal meeting of the Union be made attractive by a programme that shall hold up before the denomination the certain prospect of holy fellowship, one or two good sermons, and mutual consultation on "the things concerning the kingdom of God," and we shall bring nearer the day when there shall be really and evidently, as well as nominally, "The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland."

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON INFANT BAPTISM.

As most people know, Henry Ward Beecher is about the best-abused man of his age. We who have known him long by his sermons, writings, and speeches, can easily account for this, and continue to admire him as the greatest preacher of the American pulpit. Such an outspoken man; fearless even to daring, bold even to audacity; spurning the conventionalisms of theology, and teaching the Gospel of Christ according to his own conception,—such a man is sure to shock and terrify multitudes of precise and formal people. But there can be no question, on the other hand, that he believes what he teaches with the whole force of a sincere conviction; that he has a lion-like bravery to confront popular errors and vices; that he has great and vigorous faculties; and that he is a *good* man, in a very high sense, with a pure and tender heart. He may have said extravagant and unwise things; but, then, he has said great and glorious things, too; and if the people who carp at him would speak like him, we would forgive them more faults than we are called to pardon in Henry Ward Beecher.

We like this sermon of his on Infant Baptism more than we can express in moderate terms of eulogy. It is so like him—so charmingly candid and fearless.

There is no attempt to trim and tack—no effort to be at agreement with the current arguments for Infant Baptism—but the bold proclamation of an open rupture with all the traditions of the question. He abandons the old craft of the Pædobaptists as a stranded hulk, and puts to sea in a little coracle of his own, and says, in effect, that if he can't float with that he is willing to sink. The morning on which this sermon was preached he baptized some sixteen children, and he sets himself to justify the deed before the tribunal of the Baptist on the one hand, and on the other, to show the Pædobaptist that the practice cannot be justified either by the example of the apostles or by texts of Scripture. By analysis and extracts we will try and give our readers some account of the sermon; and we fancy it will interest them as showing where, in the view of a candid and intelligent man, the defence of Infant Baptism must lie.

The text is Mark x. 13-16: "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." The theory of Baptism constructed from this passage is indicated by the following sentences: "He declared that infant children were already in that moral and salvable condition to which adults come by repentance and a renunciation of their habits and past life. . . . The state of mind which is natural to a little child is that state of mind which Christ holds up as evidence of a gracious condition in a converted adult." Then the next step of the argument is that the act of baptism, whether in the case of infants or of adults, is simply *declaratory:* "Baptism, in the case of an adult, is a sign that the subject of it has renounced his sin, and is living for heart-cleanliness; and in the case of a child, it is a declaration, made on behalf of the child, that it is clean. Besides, it means, in the case of the child, that the parent says, 'I am to bring it up so that, by the continual cleansing of the Holy Ghost, it shall grow up in Christian nurture and admonition.' But in either case it means the same thing,—namely, the work of God upon the heart."

Then come a defence and an assault: a defence of the position thus taken against the objections of the Baptists, and an assault upon the arguments by which Infant Baptism is usually upheld:—

1. "Sometimes people object to the baptism of children because children cannot take any vows on them. They do not need to. All that baptism means is a divine work. . . . But it is objected that the child cannot understand the act. It does not need to. The work of God's Spirit upon the heart is not conditioned upon our understanding it. . . . Baptism is the sign of a fact, and that fact may exist with or without our recognition."

2. "But it is objected again, that a man takes vows upon himself in baptism, while a child cannot do it, since it has no will by which to choose. I reply that a man may take vows, but that the taking of vows is no part of baptism in and of itself. It may be fitly joined to it, and is a proper accompaniment of it; but baptism is something else. It is a sign of what God has done, and not of human volition."

3. "It is objected, thirdly, that children, having received baptism, may grow up unconscious of any such act, and depart from Christian states, and become willingly wicked. So may adults. They often do. If an adult, being baptized, may yet fall away from that which baptism indicates, why should it be an objection to the baptism of children that they may outgrow the good that is in them?"

The preacher then goes on to say that "one parent, at least, must needs be a Christian, or else the baptism ought not to be administered to the child. What the parent says in the baptism of the child is this: 'I will bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;' and no father or mother is prepared to make this promise who knows nothing of the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

He says those who refuse baptism to children are "doing again precisely the same thing which was rebuked by Christ in his disciples. Are we not having an overweening estimate of the importance of adult men, and a slighting faith of the spiritual worth and condition of childhood? And is it not a part of the training we have received, to put confidence in reason, and choice, and manly habits, so as to take it for granted that a man who is converted late has more chances of possessing the kingdom of God than the child that begins with purity in his heart? I think we over-estimate manhood, and undervalue childhood, as they did who denied children to Christ, and were rebuked for it."

But the most remarkable part of the sermon is that in which he repudiates the old arguments for Infant Baptism. In some parts of the sermon you seem to be reading Dr. Bushnell on *Christian Nurture;* but Mr. Beecher gives up much which Dr. Bushnell tenaciously holds and pleads for. Dr. Bushnell says that though baptism is not the *substitute* for circumcision, it is yet an analogical rite, as inclusive of all the members of the family; makes much of the baptism of households mentioned in the *Acts;* says, further, that as the children of the household were baptized in the case of the baptism of proselytes, so, as Christian baptism was adopted from the baptism of proselytes, children are to be included in the Christian rite; and, finally, he contends, from some passages of doubtful meaning in Justin Martyr and Irenæus, that the baptism of infants was very early practised in the apostolic church. Our readers shall read for themselves what Mr. Beecher thinks of these and other such arguments:—

"But it is still further objected that infant baptism is nowhere commanded in Scripture; that it is known to be of ecclesiastical origin; that it is founded on a theological doctrine which now all Protestant sects have repudiated; that the practice has become superstitious; and that it stands in the way of a scriptural manner of employing the ordinance. And it is claimed that for all these reasons it is not obligatory, and should be discontinued. I concede and I assert, first, that infant baptism is nowhere commanded in the New Testament. No man can find a passage that commands it; and if it can stand only on that ground, we may as well give it up first as last. Secondly, I affirm that the cases where it is employed, as in the baptism of whole households, are by no means conclusive and without doubt; and that, if there is no other basis for it than that, it is not safe to found it on the practice of the apostles in the baptism of Christian families. Therefore, I give up that which has been injudiciously used as an argument for infant baptism. And, thirdly, I assert that the doctrine that as a Christian ordinance it is a substitute for the circumcision of the Jews is a doctrine that is utterly untenable, to say nothing more. If there were no other argument than this for it, I should not blame those that rail at it, and set it at naught. It is not commanded by Scripture; there is no well-attested case of its administration in the New Testament; and it is not brought down as a substitute for circumcision.

"'Well,' say men, 'you have knocked the whole moral argument in favour of infant baptism from under your feet.' I beg your pardon; I stand more firmly in my advocacy of it than I should if I held to those views. Is there no liberty for a Christian assembly to do anything that experience shows to be beneficial? If you ask me, 'Where is your text?' I answer you by saying, I do not want a text. Show me a thing that experience proves to be good, and I fall back on the liberty which is vouchsafed to every Christian, and which is set forth in the New Testament, and say, 'By this liberty I do it. There is my warrant, and there is my authority.'"

In answer to any one who asks, Is it not a superstition? he says, Yes; but still pleads for it thus:—

"It is said further, by way of objection, that the origin of infant baptism was ecclesiastical; that it sprang up in the earlier periods of the Romish Church; and that it was made the ground of a theological dogma, which now all Protestant sects have repudiated. The Roman Catholic taught that everybody was culpable by reason of the sin of Adam, even before he became culpable of any sin of his own; but nobody now believes any such thing, except those that are in phantasmagorial dreams. We do not believe that anybody can be guilty for any sin that he has not committed himself. In the Roman Catholic Church, it was taught that the child was baptised to wash from him the sin which he got from Adam; and that when baptized he was quit of Adam; and it was thought that, if a child died without baptism, it was lost. But I baptize dying children, not because I believe they will be lost if they are not baptized, but because the parent feels better to have them baptized. It is a harmless act. 'But,' says one, 'is it not a superstition?' Yes, it is one of those innocent superstitions which, in such a case, I would not crush. There are many superstitions that I would not crush. I would rather turn them to advantage. In people of European countries, and in immigrants of our own, there is a feeling that a child may lose that dies without baptism. But do not be troubled on that score. It is not about your child that you need to be troubled, but about yourself. We do not believe that Adam's sin is entailed upon others, and that baptism takes it off; but we acknowledge that the baptism of infants sprang from that notion. And when men say that it originated from a dogma that all Protestant Christendom set aside, it is true.

"The practice, it is said, has become a superstition. I think it very likely; and for that reason it should be enlightened. What is a superstition? It is going in any direction from a supposed necessity when it is not necessary. It is a term implying feeling with an unenlightened intellect directing it. Infant baptism may be superstitiously administered, as though it did more than it ever does do; but the remedy for the evil is not to discontinue the ordinance: it is to instruct the parent.

"But it is said, 'It stands in the way of a scriptural employment of the ordinance.' Then there is all the more reason for defending it, and limiting it, and not doing it away entirely."

His general view of the necessity and benefit of Infant Baptism is thus frankly stated:—

"The objections raised to infant baptism on the ground that it is ecclesiastical are good to a certain extent, but they are not sufficient to condemn it; for the views which we hold of it are different from those which were held of it by those who originated it. What do I say to those who have children? Do I tell them that every child must be baptized? I tell them no such thing. Do I tell them that baptism is a practice of this church, and that they must conform to it or submit to discipline? I tell them no such thing. Many have grown up to years of discretion without being baptized, and I have known it and have not troubled them; and I would not trouble them if they and I lived to the age of Methuselah. There are many that go into the Christian church from such a side of instruction that their conscience is against the ordinance. I respect their conscience. But where the conscience is not against it, I recommend it, on the ground that there is, or may be, benefit in it. The child is not affected by it, but in presenting the child for baptism the parent says, 'I will bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I will be to it a Christian parent, and not merely a natural parent.' And it does the child good, and does the parent good, and does the church good.

"I never look upon a child that I have laid my hands upon in baptism, that I do not love it better. I never pray for my children that I do not pray for yours. And I believe you pray for mine. And when we have offered our children in baptism, and have promised before our brethren that we will bring them up for Christ, there is more likelihood that we will do it than there would be if we had not made the promise."

Such is the substance of the sermon. If any one say, Is not this trifling with ordinances fixed by divine authority? he must carry his objection elsewhere, for Mr. Beecher will not hear it. He cuts the knot of any difficulty of this kind by saying, Ordinances are not my masters, but my servants; they are not to bind, but to carry me into greater liberty. If he fancies a rite will help him, he will use and defend it; if he thinks it will not serve his advantage, he will decline to be bound by it. The Baptist may be able to demonstrate from Scripture by many converging lines of argument that Infant Baptism is unscriptural and unapostolical; but the demonstration will go for nothing with

Mr. Beecher. He carries the matter into another court, and determines it by another mode of argument. He will not be bound by texts of Scripture, nor will he wait for the sanction of a text, in ascertaining his obligation in relation to any given rite. But Christianity has given him the liberty to come to God in the way he thinks best: and he will use that liberty.

Such is Mr. Beecher's position in relation to this question of baptism. We have stated it, not so much for the purpose of controversy, as of exhibiting another specimen of the ingenuity which the exigencies of the question from time to time call forth. It is something like a flank movement in military strategy. Instead of attempting to dislodge the Baptists from their entrenchments, he sweeps round to a new position, and, by a kind of side attack, proclaims that the day is his. His argument is remarkable for what it ignores, and for what is so easily assumed. Our main positions are quietly passed by, and by a new definition of the import of baptism, which includes only one half of its significance—by setting aside the authority of Scripture texts and examples, he propounds a doctrine of what cannot be called *Christian*, but of what should be called *Beecher's* baptism. Let our readers put the two positions in close and direct contrast, and say which is Christian and which is Beecher. The one baptism says, "This child is clean by the power of the Holy Ghost, and I, its parent, will do all in my power to keep it clean;" the other says, "I, a sinful but penitent man, by this act profess my faith in Christ, renounce the old man, and put on the new man"—two very different statements: and we should think an unbiassed reader would have little difficulty in pronouncing which is the more like the baptism which the apostles administered and wrote about.

We have very great respect for Mr. Beecher: great respect for his honesty and general fairness; but we cannot help feeling that he is trying to throw dust into his own eyes, as well as into ours, when he says that he no more wants texts for Infant Baptism than he wants them for Sunday schools. For what sort of argument is this? Are there not plenty of texts on baptism? and if they do not suit his purpose—if they do not apply to the baptism of infants, and if there are none that do so apply—we, in our simplicity, should think him bound to go back to the texts he can find, and to deduce from them the true doctrine of baptism. Or is he willing to take believers' baptism for granted; and does he wish to superadd the institution of infant baptism, and to combine the two in the practice of the church? Scarcely that, we imagine. Does it not seem perverse and inconsistent to say, "There are no texts for infant baptism, and I practise it; there are texts for adult baptism, but I decline the use of adult baptism"?

But we are drifting into argument, when we only intended exposition. We shall be glad if our readers are induced, from what we have said, to get the sermon and read it through for themselves. If we were not writing for *The Baptist Reporter* we should feel tempted to stray from this particular sermon to speak of the series now being reprinted by the publishers of this Magazine. As it is, we will only venture to say to our lay and clerical readers, do not believe half the trash you hear of Henry Ward Beecher. But get these *Sermons*, get everything within your reach that he has published, and though you may not always agree with him, though you may have sometimes strongly to disagree, you will thank God for having sent such a man to preach his Gospel. Great gifts have been entrusted to him, and he is consecrating those gifts to the service of Christ so faithfully and usefully, that if we lived in New York we should listen to Henry Ward Beecher every Sunday.

CONCERNING CONVOCATION.

It ought to be possible anywhere, and it is certainly possible in the pages of this Magazine, to discuss the recent action of Convocation in pronouncing Synodical condemnation of *Essays and Reviews*, without incurring any responsibility on account of that notorious volume. We will not waste a word, therefore, in disclaiming sympathy with the heresies of which it is full. On strict principles of law, justice, and policy, we may denounce the condemnation of the book, without exposing ourselves to the remotest suspicion of approval of the book itself.

The present day has witnessed, among many other wonders, a strange revival of High Church principles. In the phrase "High Church principles," we do not now make any reference to the theology of the Puseyites, but only to the arrogant pretensions of the clergy of the Establishment of which not the Puseyites alone are guilty. The spiritual activity of the Church has, no doubt, remarkably increased. The devotion of its ministers was never more notable at any period of its history than now. There is more of what our readers will understand by the words *church-life* within the bosom of the National Establishment than has been witnessed for centuries. We have bishops who are hard-working administrators of ecclesiastical affairs as well as distinguished preachers of religion. These are facts which only the blind can deny, and of which only the churlish will complain. But, side by side with them are other facts, not less obvious, not less significant, but of infinitely less satisfactory import. The striking achievements of voluntary zeal in the Church, the imposing expansion of its spiritual aims, and the unparalleled improvement of its moral tone, have been consentaneous with a feverish irritability under the restraints of its legal obligations, and insidious attempts to lay hold of some at least of the finer weapons of independent power. The spiritual earnestness to which we have alluded has found a sort of organic expression in the Church Congresses which have now become annual; the renewed sacerdotal ambition of the clergy has crept out in the proceedings of Convocation. Those proceedings have been marked, during the last three or four years, by a constantly-increasing animation. The discussions in which both Houses have engaged have extended over an ever-widening area, and have revealed a subtle growth in the assumption of legislative and judicial authority. The licence of Convocation has been protected from censure and restraint by the very manifestations of religious enterprise and devotion under the shadow of which it has sprung up. The demonstrations of godly zeal have been so impressive that contemporaneous stretches of power have had no mischievous intent or tendency attributed to them. In the presence of such varied and vital work for the glory of God and for the salvation of human souls, it has been felt that suspicions of a conspiracy to acquire unconstitutional prerogatives would be a gross injustice. Who would think that priestly cunning could co-exist with teachings of such prophet-like purity, and energy so apostolic in its temper and its plans? A consecration to the higher business of the heavenly kingdom,

so general in its fervour and so practical in its development, would seem to preclude the possibility of simultaneous intrigues of carnal craft and aims of lawless usurpation.

Appropriate to this gigantic inconsistency, the last and greatest act of ecclesiastical aggression appears in the guise of a holy concern that the Church should prove faithful to the doctrines of grace and salvation. The lust of authority and the zeal for truth are consummated together. Dignitaries of every rank and degree in our national hierarchy burn with jealousy for the faith, and at the same time groan with the greed of power; and the triumphant assertion of the one passion, secures scope and opportunity for the satisfaction of the other! We will not undertake to accuse our Episcopal friends of hypocrisy. That they were sincere in proceeding to a Synodical condemnation of *Essays and Reviews* we thoroughly believe, even as we believe that Saul of Tarsus was sincere when he "made havoc of the church." If human nature were gifted with such a faculty of self-analysis as would enable it to comprehend how much of evil there is in its own good, and how the fruits of its best motives sometimes become seeds of its worst policy, it would be a comparatively infallible and impeccable thing. As human nature is not so endowed, however, we may criticise the phenomena of its history and the laws of its experience without indulging in any unfair imputations whatsoever. And, in very truth, a little reflection will show us that a priesthood which is sincere in its convictions of duty is most likely to be tyrannical in the exercises of its executive and disciplinary functions. The absoluteness of ecclesiastical prerogative could not possibly exist on any narrower basis than the sense of absolute religious responsibilities. Sacerdotal ambition would collapse the moment it ceased to plead a divine charter and a spiritual inspiration. The church which does not regard itself as an institution of God's special appointment will soon die out; a church under clerical government must expect to see its rulers putting forth all the airs and assumptions to which the conviction of a special appointment by God will prompt them. Once permit a priesthood full control in things spiritual, however, and what is to hold it back from the effort to acquire control in things temporal? Surely, not the spirituality of its primary motive. It has received a heavenly election to sacred duties; and it will require no hypocrisy to reconcile it to the logic of its celestial consecration. The habit of looking down upon secular laws and customs as things of this world, above which it has been raised, and which it is its province to judge, will spontaneously and almost unconsciously establish itself; and when that habit is once confirmed, the standard of ecclesiastical absolutism has been all but reached.

Looking at the relations between the civil and ecclesiastical powers, then, in the light of mere common sense, without any strong sympathies with the principles of the heavenly kingdom as such, and at the same time with a calm and impartial estimate of the social and political influence inseparable from a large combination of earnest, devout, and godly men, whose principles of action are drawn from a divine law, and whose hopes are built on a promise that is also divine, we can well understand why the

potentates and statesmen of this world have sought to surround the Church with legal checks ingeniously devised, and to insist on the subordination of its authority to the higher authority of imperial prerogative and national law. And even we, who entertain very solemn convictions of our own on the inviolable supremacy of Christ in his own kingdom of the redeemed of men, can, in our capacity as citizens, recognize the wisdom of the considerations under which the rulers and princes of this world have in this matter acted. We frankly confess that we would trust no church with absolute temporal power. The only doctrine which can make a civil monarch terrible is that of "Divine Right." The kings of the old days of darkness did their worst to foster in the hearts of their subjects the superstition that they were the vicegerents of the Most High, ruling by his appointment and in his name. Their answer to all forms of rebellion was contained in a phrase which, to this day, carries with it some remnant of a mighty magic spell—"Touch not the Lord's anointed." Through all history, the vilest political wrongs have been perpetrated under the sanction of this monstrous assumption of Divine Right. But this assumption, which has always worn a vulgar incongruity in civil rulers, is essential to and entirely congenial with every possible form of ecclesiastical absolutism. The theory of the "Kingdom of our God" being supreme over the "kingdoms of this world," provides infinite vindications of all the arrogancies and violences that can grow out of it. Under any *régime* of religious despotism, therefore, civil justice and civil liberty would be altogether out of the question. Rebellion would wear the aspect of profanity; and to protest against human wrong would be but to blaspheme God.

Bearing these facts and principles in mind, let us glance at the position which Convocation has assumed. It has taken upon itself judicial functions, not as a properly constituted organ of the State, but in violation alike of the spirit of the constitution, the supremacy of the crown, and the law of the land. The alliance of the Church with the State in this country is based on the principle of the subjection of the spiritual to the temporal power. The Church, according to the 20th article, "hath power to decree rites or ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith;" but the State, in its threefold organization of Queen, Lords, and Commons, is the only recognized organ of that power. We need not cite proofs of this. The monarch for the time being is, by the most constantly-reiterated terms of law, the supreme governor of the Church of England. To accomplish this grand condition was the motive of the Reformation in this country, so far as that Reformation can be regarded as a politico-ecclesiastical occurrence. Hence, we find that in the very first Act of Elizabeth's reign, it is "established and enacted that such jurisdictions, privileges, superiorities, and pre-eminences, spiritual and ecclesiastical, as by any spiritual or ecclesiastical power or authority have heretofore been, or may lawfully be, exercised or used for the visitation of the ecclesiastical state and persons, and for reformation, order, and correction of the same, and of all manner of errors, heresies, schisms, abuses, offences, contempts, and enormities" (language comprehensive enough for our argument assuredly!) "shall for ever, by authority of this present Parliament, *be united and annexed to the Imperial Crown of*

this realm." This statute of Elizabeth was but confirmatory of a statute passed much earlier—the 37th Henry VIII., cap. 17; in the preamble of which the Crown is explicitly described as being "supreme head on earth of the Church of England, having full power and authority to correct, punish, and repress all manner of heresies, &c., and to exercise all other manner of jurisdiction, commonly called ecclesiastical jurisdiction." Will even the Bishop of Oxford pretend that the recent act of Convocation on which we are now particularly animadverting was consistent with the letter or the spirit of these enactments? Why, the Synodical condemnation was not invoked by an appeal from the person who happens to be monarch of England at the present time. In other words, the Queen gave no licence for this business in her individual capacity. Even if she had, we question whether such licence would be sufficient to give authority to the proceeding. Whenever the Crown is spoken of in the statute-book, the word must be accepted with all the limitations required by the general principles of the constitution. In other words, it is but a technical designation of the whole State; and in all the exercises of royal prerogative, the responsible counsels of the Cabinet, and thus the sanctions of the legislature, are presupposed. Convocation, therefore, has, and can have in itself, no judicial authority whatsoever. In the enforcement of ecclesiastical discipline, the law of the land as administered by the regular and recognized tribunals is the sole standard of appeal; and in dealing with any case which does not come under the jurisdiction of those tribunals, or to which no written law will apply, Parliament alone can bestow the necessary power—Parliament alone can take the initiative.

The purport and value of this condemnation may be settled by a very short process of infallible reasoning. It is either according to law or contrary to law. If according to law, as the Archbishop of Canterbury maintained in the House of Lords, on Friday, the 15th ult., how is it to take effect? What are the forms by which it is to be enforced? In what punishment does it involve the authors? By what process of prohibition is the book to be extirpated? And, again, if this condemnation be according to law, how is the supremacy of the crown acknowledged in it? What Act of Parliament has been violated by *Essays and Reviews*? Of what statute of the realm is the condemnation an enforcement? If that condemnation is legal, it surely has the *force* of law, and is surely in formal *fulfilment* of some law which its abettors are able to specify. But the Lord Chancellor himself declares that it meets none of these conditions. It is, according to this high authority, a dead letter—"a series of well lubricated terms—a sentence so oily and so saponaceous that no one could grasp it. It is simply nothing. It is no sentence at all." Then, if the Synodical condemnation have not the force of law, if it have been arrived at without authority, and if it have in itself no authority, its authors have acted illegally. They have transgressed the statutes of the realm. They have invaded the royal supremacy. They have incurred the penalties of disobedience and usurpation. What those penalties are, the Lord Chancellor has, with his own incomparable sneer, informed us. His words are worth quoting, even in these pages. He says:—"The supremacy of the

crown is guarded by strict words, which carefully enunciate this truth,—that the crown is the fountain of all jurisdiction, ecclesiastical and spiritual, as well as temporal, and that none shall presume to exercise that jurisdiction, either directly or indirectly, without an especial warrant of the crown. *And, as if there were a possibility of the clergy endeavouring to usurp the rights and the power, which history tells us they have at times been anxious to obtain, the statutes have carefully said that if Convocation shall attempt to pass any sentence, any ordinance, or any constitution, without the previous licence and authority of the crown, they shall incur the penalties of a præmunire.*" Lord Chancellor Westbury clearly imputes to Convocation that it has exposed itself to those penalties; but he intimates that, mercifully, they will not be enforced. Now, this is a form of mercy with which we confess we have no sympathy. On the contrary, our conviction is strong that, on such points as these, the vindication of law is a matter of the very highest importance. Against the prime movers in this ridiculous business we have, of course, no personal animosity; but we know no association of men to whom it would be more perilous to all great national interests to grant impunity in the transgression of law, than to the clergy of the Established Church. We regard with mingled feelings of terror and disgust the shameful manner in which the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill is openly, and even ostentatiously, regarded as a measure not intended to be operative. These feelings, however, are altogether independent of the question whether that Bill was well-advised or not. They are based on the profound conviction that no State can afford to wink at the habitual and deliberate lawlessness of ecclesiastical bodies; and that a conscious relaxation of authority here tends inevitably and irresistibly to the relaxation of all temporal authority whatsoever, and to all those abuses and calamities which flow from the vassalage of law to the arbitrary domination of an irresponsible hierarchy.

"But," it may be asked, "is it not a melancholy thing to see the Church of Christ bound hand and foot in this way—denied the power of declaring what is its own faith, and of enforcing discipline within its own ranks?" We fully appreciate the pertinence and the solemnity of this question. But it is fairly open to a very simple reply. We may approach it as mere citizens and men of the world. As such, we have a supreme interest in maintaining every feasible guarantee of personal liberty and social justice; and the supremacy of the Church over the State would be fatal to both. Once give to the Church the right to impose social and temporal penalties on its members, and you enthrone the very genius of persecution. We would not trust even Baptists themselves with that power. Nay, firm as is our attachment to our own principles, if the question were raised for our arbitration, we should, in the clear spirit of our divine obligations, sink the ambition of the devotee in the scruples of the citizen, and say to the State—"Not only keep from us this power, but punish with all severity the voluntary assumption of it." When, however, we remember what the Church of England is, we feel every social and political inducement to enforce the condition of its subserviency to the State. We say, in the interest of justice and freedom, to this Church, "You must be slave—you receive the wages of service and the compensations of bondage. You take our pay;

you must receive your law at our hands. It would be suicide to endow you with wealth and independence at the same time. Your power and the civil power cannot co-exist on co-equal terms. Give up the authority which law bestows upon you, if you like; but if you wish to be considered the legalised Church, you must acknowledge your dependence on and subordination to the law from which you draw your distinction." So thorough is our belief that Convocation has usurped the authority of the crown, and that such usurpation, though practically innocuous, strikes a blow at the very foundations of civil and religious liberty, that we should be delighted to see the penalties of *præmunire* put in force against the main instigators of the transgression. For the sake of the Church itself, we should like it to be made to feel the humiliation and the severity of its vassalage, until, ashamed of its enthralment, it should throw off its clanking chains altogether, giving up at once its pretensions to an ideal supremacy and those vast but corrupting emoluments which constitute the purchase-money of its actual degradation.

THE MIRACLE OF ST. JANUARIUS.

Among all the European cities whose beauty, gaiety, and thousand other charms welcome the traveller, few are more attractive than Naples, that "predestinated capital," which looks forth from its picturesque hills over as fair a prospect as ever gladdened the heart of man. One of the largest cities in the world (its population now numbers nearly half a million), it is also one of the most degraded. Under the rule of the good King Bomba it attained to the very depth of misery and wickedness. But no matter how low the people have sunk, they have always reposed with serene satisfaction in the thought that their metropolis was under the special guardianship of St. Januarius. It is the common remark of the Neapolitans, "If the Madonna and San Gennaro be for us, who can be against us?" His shrine is in their largest and richest church, and is profusely adorned with gems and gold, and the costly oblations of thousands of devotees. Crowds of people worship his relics, and long trains of priests mumble long prayers and swing silver censers before them perpetually. As an evidence of the confidence which he reposed in this saint, and for the especial gratification of his people, King Bomba granted him a commission under his hand and seal, appointing him commander-in-chief of the army and navy of Naples. Gen. San Gennaro, however, proved too weak for the place, and either could not or would not interfere to prevent his royal master from being driven from his kingdom by his own people. On the advent of the new government of Victor Emmanuel, the saint lost his office, and since that time has limited the exercise of his talents, such as they are, to the pale of the church.

There are three days in the year when St. Januarius is brought conspicuously before the people of Naples. These are,—his feast-day in September; that on which his relics (to wit, his head and his blood) are exhibited; and the 20th of December, on which day, in the year 1631, the saint exerted his healing powers, and cured an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. On each of these days occurs the miracle of the liquefaction of his blood, which is kept with jealous care in two large thick glass vials, and brought forth only on these occasions. Not far from the cabinet in which these are enclosed is a casket which

contains his head. In its ordinary state the blood is thick and solid, and the spectator sees only an opaque mass in the vials, somewhat of the colour and aspect of that liquid when curdled. But as often as the vials are brought near the head, their contents are seen to liquefy and bubble up, and rise and fall in great agitation. Whatever may be thought of this miracle, it has the merit, at least, of antiquity, being referred to in the works of Pope Pius II., who lived more than four centuries ago. It has been practised with great regularity ever since that time, and probably for hundreds of years before. In any event, its success does great credit to the chemical ingenuity of the monks, who doubtless originated it. There are many intelligent and sensible persons, however, who believe in it as a true miracle at the present day. It is but a few years since our minister at the court of Rome witnessed this boiling of the blood in the cathedral at Naples, and showed his abounding confidence in its truth. When the holy vials were held by the priests before him, he fell on his knees at the sight, and kissed them with fervour.

The year of my visit had been very unpropitious to the husbandman, and a poor and scanty harvest had caused great trouble and discontent throughout the kingdom. The fields, tilled with all possible industry, had shown themselves ungrateful. Furious gales had swept over the young wheat, and the south wind in summer, and the *tramontana*, or north wind, in the fall, had alternately parched and chilled the growing crops. The vines had been blasted, and their fruit gave forth but scanty and bitter wine. Even the hardy and prolific olive had withheld its fruit, and so severely had the trees been scorched by the continual blast of the south wind, and stripped by the hail, that their oil grew dear and scarce. This latter was a source of especial trouble and suffering to the people.

Now it happened that all these misfortunes were attributed by the Cardinal-archbishop of Naples, in the depth of his wisdom, to the anger of San Gennaro; and every man, woman, and child in his see agreed with him. The result of their wonderful unanimity was the appointment of a solemn fast on the day preceding the December festival of the saint. This was to continue not only during that time, but till the liquefaction of the blood on the day following. Then the flood-gates of mirth were to be opened, and every soul was to give himself up to feasting and general hilarity, limited only by the length of his purse and his capacity for riotous enjoyment. The proclamation for the fast was published in the papers, read from the pulpits of all the churches in the kingdom, and printed copies were posted on all the doors and fences, that the faithful sons of the church might all know what to do and how to do it. The people could not read, to be sure, and therefore the printed copies would have done them but little good. But being somewhat shrewd, they inferred that something was signified by these ecclesiastical posters, and, going to certain persons noted for their elegant attainments in the alphabet, they demanded what they meant. These courteous servants of the people, with great suavity of manner, and many low bows and graceful postures, gave them the necessary information.

It was amusing to notice the effect of this edict of the archbishop on the lower classes, and their curious expressions in regard to it. Some of the lazzaroni did not appear to be well satisfied with it. "*Dio mio!*" said one of these, as he went along shrugging his shoulders; "this fasting will dry up the very marrow in my bones. How can one live in this way? I can scarcely eat meat once a week."

"Why?" said one of his friends. "Is it mutton, or turkey, that you are hankering for?"

"Nonsense! One would rather say that I wanted a mouth to eat them with."

"To eat 'em with? Well, now, what does that mean?"

"Mean!" said Tonio, stopping short, and speaking with emphasis. "I mean that I am a religious person; that I go to confession twice a month; that I say the Lord's prayer perpetually during the mass, and make the sign of the cross twice, and do it well, too, before every image of the Madonna. But how can I do all this without any strength? Do you think that a hash of four little fishes will give me strength enough? During this week we have four fasts, and three of them are the usual ones,—Wednesday for the Madonna; Friday and Saturday for the souls in purgatory; and here comes San Gennaro for another! Who can bear it?"

"But, Tonio," said his friend, "if the fast don't satisfy you, why don't you buy a bull of the pope for twenty-four *grani*? You'll then be able to satisfy yourself with meat like a friar, and may God give you the paunch of a monk of *Santa la Nuova!*"

"Now do you think that I have such a wooden head as yours on my shoulders? Why should I buy a bull in order to eat meat? How happens it that for twenty-four *grani* I can be allowed to eat chicken and beef, and without a bull not at all? Let this San Gennaro, however, give me the money, and I'd soon provide myself with half a pound of mutton in place of fish!"

Here Tonio was interrupted in his declamation by a little ugly old woman of the people, who had listened with horror to his heretical tirade. "*Maronna e carmine!*" screamed she, and, full of religious fervour, called loudly for the police. Tonio, however, suddenly becomes aware of his indiscretion, and glides away like a fish, to cries of "*Fuia! fuia!*"

Upon the approach of evening the shops in the "*Strada del Pendino*" made a portentous show, and by the light of a prodigious number of torches, lamps, and candles, and furnaces in the street, a torrent of people moved to and fro. With much chattering and loud outcries they entered the shops, and bought salt fish and fresh fish, stock fish and anchovies, cauliflower and macaroni,—and, in short, every thing necessary to make their fast as comfortable and substantial as possible. Meanwhile, by command of the king, the public offices were to be closed after the proclamation of the miracle, and the Castle of St. Elmo was to fire a salute of twenty guns, and display the royal flag.

On the following day the street called *Tribunali*, a long and narrow alley which leads to Castel-Vecchio, was overflowing with the ragged and bawling populace, who precipitated themselves like huge waves towards the cathedral, situated in the middle of the way. Before the altar was placed the bust of the saint, covered with shining plates of gold, while before it were stationed the bottles of solid blood. From early in the morning three priests remained prostrate before these, awaiting the advent of the miracle. Meanwhile the nave of the church was crowded with people, who paternostered with infinite volubility, always directing their eyes and muttering mouths towards the statue of this or that saint which adorned the various chapels. Many fat and puffy citizens, called in Naples "*Mamma-Santissimi*," beat their breasts with vigour, and made such a noise with their clenched fists that the bystanders were moved to regard them as the fervent intercessors of the saints of Paradise.

Ordinarily the miracle takes place between one and two in the afternoon. During all the morning, the church and its approaches and the adjoining streets were so densely crowded that passing was impossible. Near the altar stood many infirm people, cripples, hunchbacks, and others, whom the saint was to cure. Meantime the priests comforted them, encouraged them to hope, and advised them to direct their prayers to the bust of the martyr, that the miracle might quickly take place. But now the clocks sound half-past one, and the blood, in spite of all the prayers and ejaculations, remains as solid as polished

steel. Soon the fervent and clamorous appeals are changed into outcries, scolding, and curses. Two o'clock strikes, and not a sign of movement is given by the obstinate gore. A most curious and fearful tumult thereupon arises in the church. A score of ugly old women, all ragged and greasy, and breathing forth the oily flavour of as many kitchens, planted themselves, with sleeves turned up and arms akimbo, before the gilded bust of the saint. Here they remained a few moments, swinging themselves to and fro, and shaking their fists most ferociously at the innocent image. Finally, they rushed at it in a body, with the most fearful imprecations.

"Yellow face! Why do you stand there and make a fool of yourself on the altar? Don't you see that it has already struck two on the great bell overhead? Out with your miracle! Quick!"

"Pest face! I vow by all that's holy, that I'll extinguish every candle of your altar if you don't hurry up your miracle!"

"Face of cholera-morbus! We'll very soon tear from your head that bishop's cap of yours, if you make us wait any longer for that stump of a miracle." "*Faccia ingiallita! faccia tisicca! faccia sporca! Il miracolo, su via, il miracolo!*" At length the shouting and imprecations became frightful, and combined to fill the church and all the vicinity with a continued and thunderous roaring. Every thing bore the appearance of a city excited to insurrection. The priests became paler than the robes they wore, and ruin threatened the bust of San Gennaro. Three o'clock! and no sign of any movement yet!

Meanwhile the whole metropolis was in suspense, and everybody who was not in the neighbourhood of the cathedral looked with anxiety towards the Castle of St. Elmo, in order to see the royal ensign and hear the thunder of the cannon. At length appeared near the altar a little neophyte, all obsequious and reverent, with modest eyes fixed on the ground, who drew towards him one of the officiating priests, and said, "The king would like to have the miracle completed as soon as possible, since the people begin to be riotous." Some of the tumultuous rabble in the foreground suspected the object of this visit, and cried out, "Who is that little priest? What does the little neophyte want?" One of the older priests calmly arranged his robes, and answered, in a loud voice, "He comes from the royal palace, to bring us the vows of his majesty, and to learn if '*Il glorioisisimo San Gennaro*' has completed his miracle." Then taking the vial, and making ten low reverences, he passed and repassed it from one hand to the other. After some moments of timorous anxiety on the part of the bystanders, the priest raised the vial high in air, and behold the blood was bubbling and boiling.

Thereupon ensued a universal and tumultuous explosion, which extended rapidly from the church, until its vibrations shook the city. The whole capital quickly gave itself up to joy and mirth, while the Castle of St. Elmo prepared itself for the festival to come by displaying the royal standard, and sending forth thundering salvos of artillery. In the church all was riotous enthusiasm; all crowded around the precious vials to see the boiling blood, and the clamour was redoubled when the priest made a sign with one of them, and all the deformed and sick arose and stood up without any sign of bodily imperfection. They remained but a few moments in this position, however, but forced their way among the crowd, and made the tour of the church, amidst cries of "*Largo! Largo alle persone del miracolo! Date elemosina! Date elemosina!*" ("Alms! Alms for the objects of the miracle! Give charity! Give charity!") And everybody threw handfuls of small coins into their caps. Turning to an Italian acquaintance of mine, I asked him what he thought of these miraculous cures. He told me, in answer, that he knew two of the patients very well.

One of them was his shoemaker, and another a boot-black; and both were generally in perfectly good health and possessed of sound limbs! It was the custom, he said, for such men to appear in this way at every one of these "liquefactions," and they and the priests shared the profits. After this scene the people gradually passed out of the church, and by five o'clock the miracle of San Gennaro was ended by the blood subsiding into its original state, when the vials were returned to their casket and securely locked up.

To the well-informed this miracle, which in the early days of ignorance and superstition could be accounted for by few, has now become no mystery. The progress of chemical discovery has laid open to view this, as well as many other secrets. That all the readers of this article may be able to perform this miracle for themselves, I append hereto a receipt, which, with very little expense or trouble, will ensure its success.

"Take ten grains of white tallow, and dissolve it slowly by a moderate heat. To this add so much lac red as is necessary to give it the colour of blood. Then take ten grains of ether, and mix the whole in a glass bottle, tightly corked, that the ether may not evaporate. When cold this will be solid, but the addition of a little heat will make it bubble and boil. The warmth of the hand, if the vial be held in the palm for a few moments, will be sufficient. But if it be brought near the flame of a candle, the operation will not be slow to take place."

This receipt I have tried with success, and can vouch for its correctness.

Poetry.

THEY SHALL BE MINE.

"They shall be mine." O, lay them down to slumber,
Calm in the strong assurance that he gives;
He calls them by their names, he knows their number,
And they shall live as surely as he lives.

"They shall be mine." Upraised from earthly pillows,
Gathered from desert sands, from mountains cold,
Called from the graves beneath old ocean's billows,
Called from each distant land, each scattered fold.

Well might the soul, that wondrous spark of being,
Lit by his breath, who claims it for his own,
Shine in the circle which his love, foreseeing,
Destined to glitter brightest round his throne.

But shall the dust, from earthly dust first taken,
And now long mingled with its native earth,
To life, to beauty, once again awaken,
Thrill with the rapture of a second birth?

"They shall be mine." They, as on earth we knew them,
The lips we kissed, the hands we loved to press,
Only a fuller life be circling through them,
Unfading youth, unchanging holiness.

"They shall be mine." Thought fails, and fancy falters,
Striving to sound, to fathom love divine;
All that we know—no time thy promise alters,
All that we trust—our loved ones shall be thine.

Reviews.

Baptismal Regeneration: a Sermon. By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore & Alabaster.

MANY of our readers have heard already of this sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's. It has excited much controversy in the public journals, much interest in private circles, and has even led to some members of the Evangelical Church party, formerly Mr. Spurgeon's "friends," declining to meet him at public religious services. To most persons probably the sermon was a surprise. Not that the preacher is not accustomed to say what he thinks; not that there is anything in the doctrine of this sermon differing from what is said on occasion in thousands of Nonconformist pulpits; but it is only two years ago that similar things were being said in connexion with the celebration of the Bicentenary of 1662, and that Mr. Spurgeon not only refused to join in the celebration, but somewhat reproachfully assailed those who took part in it. We are glad and thankful for the great preacher's conversion. We are glad that he at last recognizes that we must not only *live* the truth that we hold as Nonconformists, but that we must boldly *declare* it against all gainsayers. It is needless to say that, now that Mr. Spurgeon has taken this position, he speaks boldly enough.

The sermon is characterised by all Mr. Spurgeon's well-known qualities. That it contains some things which in our judgment had been better omitted, it were foolish to deny. *We* are old-fashioned enough to prefer soft words and *hard arguments;* and Mr. Spurgeon's arguments here are "hard" enough to more than justify his use of somewhat softer words than he appears to have thought necessary. But as well might we desire to remonstrate with an avalanche from the Andes as to remonstrate with Mr. Spurgeon when he gives wings to his oratory. After all, he has a way of calling a spade a spade which is refreshing in these days of mealy-mouthed complacencies. And as he refused to join in the demonstration and declaration of two years since, he may be perhaps the more readily excused for paying his debt now, *with two years' interest.*

Mr. Spurgeon's indictment is intelligible enough:—

"I find that the great error which we have to contend with throughout England (and it is growing more and more), is one in direct opposition to my text, well-known to you as the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. We will confront this dogma with the assertion, that BAPTISM WITHOUT FAITH SAVES NO ONE. The text says, 'He *that believeth* and is baptized shall be saved;' but whether a man be baptized or no, it asserts that '*he that believeth not* shall be damned:' so that baptism does not save the unbeliever, nay, it does not in any degree exempt him from the common doom of all the ungodly. He may have baptism, or he may not have baptism, but if he believeth not, he shall be in any case most surely damned. Let him be baptized by immersion or sprinkling, in his infancy or in his adult age, if he be not led to put his trust in Jesus Christ—if he remaineth an unbeliever, then this terrible doom is pronounced upon him—'He that believeth not shall be damned.' I am not aware that any Protestant Church in England teaches the doctrine of baptismal regeneration except one, and that happens to be the corporation which with none too much humility calls itself *the* Church of England. This very powerful sect does not teach this doctrine merely through a section of its ministers, who might charitably be considered as evil branches of the vine, but it openly, boldly, and plainly declares this doctrine in her own appointed standard, the Book of Common Prayer, and that in words so express, that while language is the channel of conveying intelligible sense, no process short of violent wresting from their plain meaning can ever make them say anything else.

"Here are the words: we quote them from the Catechism which is intended for the instruction of youth, and is naturally very plain and simple, since it would be foolish to trouble the young with metaphysical refinements. The child is asked its name, and then questioned, 'Who gave you this name?' '*My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism; wherein I was made a member of Christ, the child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.*' Is not this definite and plain enough? I prize the words for their candour; they could not speak more plainly. Three times over the thing is put lest there should be any doubt in it. The word *regeneration* may, by some sort of juggling, be made to mean something else, but here there can be no misunderstanding. The child is not only made 'a member of Christ'—union to Jesus is no mean spiritual gift—but he is

made in baptism 'the child of God' also; and, since the rule is, 'if children then heirs,' he is also made 'an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.' Nothing can be more plain. I venture to say that while honesty remains on earth the meaning of these words will not admit of dispute. It is clear as noonday that, as the Rubric hath it, 'Fathers, mothers, masters, and dames, are to cause their children, servants, and apprentices,' no matter how idle, giddy, or wicked they may be, to learn the Catechism, and to say that in baptism they were made members of Christ and children of God. The form for the administration of this baptism is scarcely less plain and outspoken, seeing that thanks are expressly returned unto Almighty God, because the person baptized is regenerate. '*Then shall the priest say, 'Seeing now, dearly-beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's Church, let us give thanks unto Almighty God for these benefits; and with one accord make our prayers unto him, that this child may lead the rest of his life according to this beginning.*' Nor is this all, for to leave no mistake, we have the words of the thanksgiving prescribed, '*Then shall the priest say, 'We yield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it hath pleased thee to regenerate this infant with thy Holy Spirit, to receive him for thine own child by adoption, and to incorporate him into thy holy Church.*'

"This, then, is the clear and unmistakable teaching of a Church calling itself Protestant. I am not now dealing at all with the question of infant baptism: I have nothing to do with that this morning. I am now considering the question of baptismal regeneration, whether in adults or infants, or ascribed to sprinkling, pouring, or immersion. Here is a Church which teaches every Lord's day in the Sunday school, and should, according to the Rubric, teach openly in the Church, all children, that they were made members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven when they were baptized! Here is a professedly Protestant Church, which, every time its minister goes to the font, declares that every person there receiving baptism is there and then 'regenerated and grafted into the body of Christ's Church.'"

Having presented his indictment against the Church, Mr. Spurgeon proceeds to speak of those in the Church who "do not believe in baptismal regeneration:"—

"'But,' I hear many good people exclaim, 'there are many good clergymen in the Church who do not believe in baptismal regeneration.' To this my answer is prompt. Why then do they belong to a Church which teaches that doctrine in the plainest terms? I am told that many in the Church of England preach against her own teaching. I know they do, and herein I rejoice in their enlightenment, but I question, gravely question, their morality. To take oath that I sincerely assent and consent to a doctrine which I do not believe, would to my conscience appear little short of perjury, if not absolute downright perjury; but those who do so must be judged by their own Lord. For me to take money for defending what I do not believe—for me to take the money of a Church, and then to preach against what are most evidently its doctrines—I say *for me* to do this (I shall not judge the peculiar views of other men), for me, or for any other simple, honest man to do so, were an atrocity so great, that if I had perpetrated the deed, I should consider myself out of the pale of truthfulness, honesty, and common morality. Sirs, when I accepted the office of minister of this congregation, I looked to see what were your articles of faith; if I had not believed them I should not have accepted your call, and when I change my opinions, rest assured that as an honest man I shall resign the office, for how could I profess one thing in your declaration of faith, and quite another thing in my own preaching? Would I accept your pay, and then stand up every Sabbath day and talk against the doctrines of your standards? For clergymen to swear or say that they give their solemn assent and consent to what they do not believe, is one of the grossest pieces of immorality perpetrated in England, and is most pestilential in its influence, since it directly teaches men to lie whenever it seems necessary to do so in order to get a living or increase their supposed usefulness: it is in fact an open testimony from priestly lips that at least in ecclesiastical matters falsehood may express truth, and truth itself is a mere unimportant nonentity. I know of nothing more calculated to debauch the public mind than a want of straightforwardness in ministers; and when worldly men hear ministers denouncing the very things which their own Prayer Book teaches, they imagine that words have no meaning among ecclesiastics, and that vital differences in religion are merely a matter of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, and that it does not much matter what a man does believe so long as he is charitable towards other people. If baptism does regenerate people, let the fact be preached with a trumpet tongue, and let no man be ashamed of his belief in it. If this be really their creed, by all means let them have full liberty for its propagation. My brethren, those are honest Churchmen in this matter who, subscribing to the Prayer Book, believe in baptismal regeneration, and preach it plainly. God forbid that we should censure those who believe that baptism saves the soul, because they adhere to a Church which teaches the same doctrine. So far they are honest men; and in England, wherever else, let them never lack a full toleration. Let us oppose their teaching by all scriptural and intelligent means, but let us respect their courage in plainly giving us their views. I hate their doctrine, but I love their honesty; and as they speak but what they believe to be true, let them speak it out, and the more clearly the better. Out with it, sirs, be it what it may, but do let us know what you mean. For my part, I love to stand foot to foot with an honest foeman.

To open warfare, bold and true hearts raise no objection but the ground of quarrel; it is covert enmity which we have most cause to fear, and best reason to loathe. That crafty kindness which inveigles me to sacrifice principle is the serpent in the grass—deadly to the incautious wayfarer. Where union and friendship are not cemented by truth, they are an unhallowed confederacy. It is time that there should be an end put to the flirtations of honest men with those who believe one way and swear another. If men believe baptism works regeneration, let them say so; but if they do not so believe it in their hearts, and yet subscribe, and yet more, get their livings by subscribing to words asserting it, let them find congenial associates among men who can equivocate and shuffle, for honest men will neither ask nor accept their friendship."

Our readers will see in this passage *some* of the sentences which *we* might have deemed not usual in controversy. It is not necessary, *as a rule*, for us to declare our opponents to be men whose friendship "honest men will neither ask nor accept." Generally those who differ from us have enough to say in their own behalf, to render it unsafe and undesirable to speak of them as persons friendship with whom is "an unhallowed confederacy." But this, we suppose, is being "trumpet-tongued"!

Mr. Spurgeon's *arguments*, as we have said, are sufficiently strong to have justified him in a milder form of expression. He shows, first, that the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration is "out of character with the spiritual religion which Christ came to teach;" secondly, that "it is not supported by facts;" thirdly, that "the performance styled Baptism in the Prayer Book is not at all likely to regenerate and save;" fourthly, that the preaching of the doctrine "has a wrong and evil influence upon men," and is a great helper to the progress of Popery. As a whole, the sermon is a very able one. We believe that it is calculated to do great good. To the extent to which it shall call attention throughout England to one of the saddest and most soul-destroying heresies of the age, we are sure that the sermon will have been neither preached nor printed in vain.

Christian Cabinet.

WELL SUPPLIED.

A good man, who had passed through great worldly changes, at one time occupying the eminences of wealth and at another the depths of poverty, was observed to maintain a calm, uniform, cheerful spirit in both conditions. Upon being asked what enabled him to do so, he replied—"When I had all that heart can wish of the world, I enjoyed God in everything; and when I had nothing, I enjoyed everything in God." That man understood well the meaning of what to the worldly mind seems a strange paradox, "Ye are poor, but ye are rich." Trusting in the sweet promises of God, he had a never-failing bank to which to go for the supply of his wants.

"Moralist! afloat on life's rough sea,
The Christian has an art unknown to thee,
He holds no parley with unmanly fears;
Where duty bids he confidently steers,
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts them all."

That was an exceedingly precious promise that Paul addressed to the Philippian Christians, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." How very delightful that expression sounds, "*My God!*" What, although he was at that moment a prisoner for the truth, solitary and alone; what, although he had suffered buffeting and reproach, and the most cruel persecutions; what, although he knew that as long as he lived on earth trials and afflictions awaited him, and that his earthly career would be terminated by a violent death; yet, as long as he could look up to the God of the universe, that God who tunes the thunder's roar, and modifies the rage of the lightning's flash, and say, "My God," he was indeed a happy man. Man might imprison him in dungeons, scourge him till his blood marks his prison floor, crush his limbs with torture and his name with bitter reproach, yet what

did he care as long as he could say, "Nevertheless, the Lord stood by me and comforted me"?

And no doubt these very afflictions made God more precious to him, as they do to every saint. When the bird in the tree sees any danger beneath, it flies up to a higher branch; if the danger gets still greater, it still mounts higher; and if very great, it flies off heavenward. So the Christian's troubles drive him nearer to his God, nearer to his heavenly home, so that he is induced to regard them as a blessed affliction that enables him, in the confidence of faith, to look up and say, "*My God.*" The holy Rutherford says, "When ye are come to the other side of the water, and there set down your foot on the shore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters, and your wearisome journey, and see in that clear glass of endless glory, nearer to the bottom of God's wisdom, ye shall then be found to say—'If God had done otherwise with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory.'" Again, he says, "Sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside and draw the curtains, and say, 'Courage! I am thy salvation!' than to enjoy health and never be visited of God."

The promise does not say that God will supply all our *desires*, but all our *needs*. Our desires are often very wrong, and such that if God were to satisfy them it would be the heaviest calamity that could happen to us. It is said of the rebellious Israelites that "God gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls." The child often wants sweetmeats when the parent sees it wants medicine; and wants play-days when it needs the discipline of the school. The child may cry for a knife or a razor, attracted by its bright glitter, but the parent, in wisdom and love, chooses to supply only those things that will be for its good. Hence God only promises to supply our *need*, and that according to his estimate of what that need is, not according to our estimate. There will doubtless be a great many things in our catalogue of needs that will not be found in his, but we must have unshaken confidence in his wisdom and love.

His promise is to supply *all* our need. All that the soul can need to support it in trial, to strengthen it in temptation, to fit it for duty, to give it the victory over besetting sins, to cheer in seasons of gloom, to guard in times of prosperity; all that the soul with its vast capacity for eternal good can need, is pledged to it. O, what a prayer was that which the apostle presented for his hearers, "That ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." Ah! surely the soul thus filled cannot have any real need unsatisfied. We lately conversed with an aged saint; his eyes were so dim that he could read but little of the precious Word. He was what the world would call poor, but rich in faith; he could say, "My God supplies my every want!"

But as God does not supply our wants in temporal things without the use of means, so neither will he in spiritual things. God gives us our daily bread, but does not rain it down upon us from heaven in the form of baked loaves. We must use the means he has appointed. Noah was preserved in the surging waves of the deluge, but by means of the ark which he had to build with great toil. When the tempest of descending fire came down upon the doomed cities of the plain, Lot was saved, but he must flee to the city of Zoar. Jesus turned the water into wine, but those in attendance must fill the waterpots; he gathered the fishes together, but the disciples must cast in the nets; he put life into the dead body of Lazarus, but his friends must roll away the stone; he broke off Peter's fetters and opened for him his prison door, but he must bind on his own sandals. And so in spiritual things God will supply all our need, but it must be in the use of his appointed means. There must be the fervour of earnest, importunate, believing prayer. There must be the study of the holy oracles, with the honest cry of the heart, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." There must be a willing and patient waiting upon God in the public means of grace. Then shall the soul's deep necessities be all supplied, and the soul be satisfied as it awakes in divine likeness:

"O thou, my God, my being's health and source!
Better than life, brighter than light to me,
Stretch out thy loving hand with gentle force,
Bend this still struggling will, and draw it after thee."

Christian Activity.

BRITISH PHILANTHROPISTS.

BRITAIN may justly glory in her great men. No warriors have won more splendid victories than hers. No navigators and explorers have been more daring or more successful. No merchants have more widely extended their commerce. She has nurtured statesmen wise as Solon; and orators who have equalled Cicero and Demosthenes. Painting and sculpture have been enriched by her artists. Her sons have contributed to science some of its greatest facts and most useful inductions. Her historians and philosophers, her poets and moralists, are foremost among the intellectual and ethical teachers of mankind.

There is yet another class to be named. Her illustrious succession of philanthropists have invested her with her truest greatness and glory, and made her name beloved in all lands. Let us glance at some of the noblest in this succession in these late times.

It occasionally happens that when the life and labours of a great man are ended, and survivors wish to chronicle his history, the time and place of his birth cannot be ascertained. It is so in the case of John Howard. On the pedestal of the statue placed to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, it is said,—"He was born at Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, September 2nd, 1726." This, however, is a mere conjecture. His father was a London merchant; such an one as Hogarth studied for his "Industrious Apprentice." His mother died while he was an infant. In his childhood he was sickly, patient, shy. The death of his father left him, while comparatively young, in possession of a moderate fortune; which, shortly after the decease of his first wife, he resolved to consecrate to the public good. The first form his philanthropy assumed was a determination to relieve, in some way, the survivors of the great earthquake which, in 1755, destroyed a considerable portion of the city of Lisbon. He left England for that purpose; but the ship in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer, and he was cast into prison. This circumstance led him, on his return to England, to endeavour to alleviate the hardships of British sailors imprisoned abroad. In 1773, he was created High Sheriff for the county of Bedford; and as soon as he entered on his office he began a close examination into the state of prison provision and discipline. Ultimately he was led to visit almost every county gaol, borough gaol, and bridewell in the empire. He discovered gross abuses and exposed them to the public eye. The records he has left illustrate the cruel treatment which at that day was considered necessary for criminals. The gaols were damp and dirty. The inmates were crowded together in small apartments; and in most cases were diseased, half-naked, and starving. The governors and turnkeys were frequently imperious, insolent, and inhuman. In 1775 he left England for the Continent, that he might acquaint himself with the condition of Continental prisons, and effect what reforms were needed and possible. After an absence of six months he returned, and spent seven months more in the inspection of such prisons at home as he had not previously visited, and the re-inspection of those he had. The results of his work were soon perceptible, in cleaner and better-ventilated cells, a larger supply of better food, the exercise of milder authority, and other ameliorations in connection with prison governance and routine. No sooner had he finished this home tour than he once more started for the Continent. On his return he presented to the world a report of his three years' investigations, with their fruits. He now directed his attention to the hulk system. Visiting the "Justitia," which had been fitted up for convicts, and was stationed at Woolwich, he found her the scene of foul iniquities, which he determined to correct. Here, as elsewhere, success followed his efforts. In 1785 he again left England for the Continent; this time to ascertain if nothing could be done to stay the ravages of the plague, and lessen the sufferings of its victims. He was absent two years, exposed to

the pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noon-day, and returned unscathed. On the 5th of July, 1789, he departed from his native shores to return no more. Whilst prosecuting his humane mission, he caught the disorder which terminated his life. He died at Cherson, on the 20th of January, 1790. Fifteen hundred miles from home his ashes repose. And while we speak of the Crimea as the field on which were displayed the brilliant successes of our arms, let us cherish its memory with fonder recollections as the last resting-place of John Howard.

In the churchyard of the ancient village of Caistor, three miles from Yarmouth, an unadorned gravestone informs the bystander that beneath the spot on which it stands lie the remains of Sarah Martin. She was a young dressmaker, whose daily occupation led her to pass, morning and evening, by Yarmouth Gaol. Her heart often pitied the inmates. At length, consulting with no human friend, not even with her grandmother who was her sole home-companion, she presented herself one morning at the gaol-door, and asked permission to read the Word of God to the prisoners. She was refused. Not at all disheartened by the denial, she applied again; and in the second application was successful. She entered upon her work by reading to a poor woman the account of our Redeemer's mercy to the dying thief. The woman's heart was melted, and utterances of gratitude and tears of joy rewarded the visitor for her pains. Encouraged by such a reception, she gave herself almost wholly to the work. Sometimes she devoted six hours a day to the welfare of the prisoners; teaching them industrious habits, providing material for their work, and seeking a market for their productions; instructing them in reading and writing, providing situations for such as were deemed worthy of them after their term of imprisonment had expired, and, above all, leading them to Christ the Saviour. For many years she prepared a sermon weekly for their Sunday service, and conducted their worship. She refused all rewards; and when at length a small salary was pressed upon her, she declined its acceptance. Her interest followed her charge after they left the prison. She kept up with many of them a regular correspondence, directed them in their course, and delighted to record their satisfactory progress in her journal. This was the sublime life of that lonely woman. She was poor in purse, but rich in faith and good works; feeble in health, but strong in holy purpose and endeavour; destitute of earthly luxuries, but filled with the purest satisfaction; obscure in station, and yet the catalogue of the truly great and honourable has no name that shines with serener lustre than that of Sarah Martin.

The Society of Friends never had a fairer ornament than Elizabeth Fry. Her benevolence early displayed itself. While she was only eighteen years of age, and ere she had left her father's roof, she established and superintended a school for eighty poor children. In after years, Newgate was the scene of her work and triumphs. At first, sheriffs and prison officials regarded her as an enthusiast; amiable, but visionary and Quixotic. With her open Bible she entered a room in which were upwards of one hundred and fifty women and children, who seemed more like wild beasts than human beings. "This book," she said, "has led me to you; I will do for you everything I can, but you must assist me." Her smiles and words of tenderness, combined with the dignity of her manner, quite subdued her audience. Her success, from that hour, was so great that grand juries acknowledged the worth of her efforts, and government officers sought her counsel in the distribution and arrangement of convicts. She illustrated what may be done by kindness, patience, and prayer; faith in humanity and trust in God. The habits of cleanliness, order, and sobriety she inculcated, at length changed the prison-cell into the abode of comfort and peace; and the piety she taught gave to the fettered criminal the liberty of the sons of God. Amid the hardships of his exile the convict remembered her with gratitude. She devoted nearly half a century to her works of mercy, and then sweetly fell asleep in the Lord.

The philanthropy of William Wilberforce specially embraced the dark, down-trodden sons of Africa. When he was only a youth at school he wrote a letter to the York paper of that day, "in condemnation of the odious traffic

in human flesh." In 1780 he was elected to represent Hull, his native town, in Parliament. Four years after he was returned as representative for the county of York. In 1789 he proposed in the House of Commons the abolition of the slave-trade; and thus began a conflict, which was carried on with persevering and desperate energy for many years, and in which ultimately the friends of freedom were the conquerors. Whether in the bosom of his family, or mingling with the other members of "The Clapham Sect" in the mansion of Henry Thornton, or directing the operations of the many secretaries he employed to facilitate his labours, or pleading on the floor of the House of Commons, his heart was ever with the poor African—kidnapped from the home of his fathers—suffocated amid the horrors of the middle-passage—sold into a cruel bondage among strangers. After eighteen years of incessant thought and toil he received his reward. In 1807, the British Parliament declared the traffic in slaves unlawful; and Wilberforce returned from the House of Commons to his closet to pour out his thanksgivings to God. During the subsequent quarter of a century, he aided in all movements which contemplated the welfare of the black and coloured races. He lived to see the introduction into Parliament of the measure which resulted in the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies; and died with utterances of sympathy for the oppressed slave on his lips. He was interred with public honours in Westminster Abbey; and among all the monuments which crowd that venerable structure, not one commemorates truer worth, or inspires the breast of the beholder with nobler emotions, than the marble erected to the memory of William Wilberforce.

Inseparable connection with the name of Wilberforce, stands that of Thomas Clarkson. The attention of Clarkson was directed to the subject of slavery while he was a student at Cambridge. The Vice-Chancellor having proposed for a Latin prize-essay the question,—"Is it right for one man to make another man his slave?" he resolved to compete for the prize. He had no previous acquaintance with the subject—no interest in it. His investigations, however, made him familiar with such cruelties and sufferings as robbed him of sleep by night, and filled him with distress by day. He wrote with the energy of one who feels his theme, and won the prize. This was not all. He resolved to devote his life to the cause he had advocated with his pen. With the exception of twelve years of affliction, which laid him aside from work, he lived for the slave. While Wilberforce was pleading in the House of Commons, Clarkson was collecting facts and evidence by personal visits to Bristol, Liverpool, and the other chief ports of our land. He travelled at all seasons of the year, braved all weathers, exposed himself to gross insult and bitter hate; but, animated by a courage that grew with the occasion, and strengthened as opposition increased, he prosecuted his labours to a successful close. It was his honour to survive all his colleagues, and to witness, in his seventy-fourth year, the British Parliament giving twenty millions of pounds sterling for the total emancipation of the slaves in our British Colonies. He thus lived to a good old age, crowned with "honours and benedictions, for which the diadem of Napoleon, even if wreathed with the laurels of Goetha, would have been a mean exchange."

The grandest philanthropy is that which is embodied in the life and labours of the Christian missionary. See it as it appears in John Williams and William Knibb. On the last Sabbath evening in January, 1814, a young man about eighteen years of age was sauntering near a tavern in the City Road, London, waiting for some companions, who with himself were to spend the evening in a neighbouring tea-garden. A lady, passing by, saw his face by the light of a lamp, and recognized him as one of her husband's apprentices. She asked him why he stood there; and upon his frank confession, urged him to accompany her to the Tabernacle. Reluctantly he complied with her request. The sermon he heard that evening was blessed to his conversion. In less than a year he was admitted into the church; and in 1816 was received as a missionary by the Directors of the London Missionary Society. At the close of that year he proceeded, by way of Sidney, to the Society Islands, and entered on his labours. For three and twenty years, only visiting his native

land once during that period, he devoted himself to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the various tribes of Polynesia. Possessing a mechanical genius, fruitful in invention, ready for every emergency, and strong and willing to work, he taught the natives many of the arts and handicrafts of civilized life, promoted their physical comfort, brought them under the restraints of wholesome law, and instructed them how to make the best of this world. True to his missionary engagement, he sought higher objects than these. He helped to form for them a written language—translated the Scriptures—preached without ceasing the message of salvation—and saved many souls. Sad and yet glorious was his end! On the 20th of November, 1839, he fell a martyr on the shores of Erromanga. Idolatrous hands in ignorance and revenge slew him. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Some localities, like some men, enjoy a pre-eminence of honour. The small town of Kettering, in Northamptonshire, is one of the number. It was the birth-place of the Baptist Missionary Society; it was the scene of the ministrations of Andrew Fuller; and it was the native town of William Knibb. The great West Indian missionary was born on the 7th of September, 1803. In 1822 he was baptized by Dr. Ryland, at Bristol, and admitted into church fellowship. A year after this, hearing of the death of his brother Thomas, who had gone as a missionary to Jamaica, he said,—"Then, if the society will accept me, I'll go and take his place." He was accepted, and went. On the 5th of November, 1824, he sailed from Blackwall for Jamaica. He was welcomed with hearty greetings by the negroes on his arrival in the West Indies; and every successive year of his long intercourse with them proved how appropriate that welcome was. The negro never had a truer friend. Amid the troubles of 1831 and 1832, when Jamaica was the scene of furious conflict between the planters and the friends of human liberty, Knibb was the negro's champion. In 1838 we find him mingling in the rejoicings of the 1st of August; and well he might, for he had done more than any other individual man to ensure the emancipation which those rejoicings celebrated. Three times, after this, he crossed the Atlantic to visit England. But whether in Jamaica or in England; whether teaching the negroes to build houses, lay out gardens, form villages, make wills, read the Scriptures and learn the way of salvation, or advocating their cause in the audience of the British people; whether braving the dangers of the deep, or the fiercer dangers which sometimes lurk in the tropical climate of the West Indies—his aim was one. In direct missionary labour no man was more successful. He admitted during the course of his ministry upwards of five thousand persons into the church of Christ. It was a sorrowful day in Jamaica when the tidings of his death were proclaimed. Coldness stole over many hearts, for they had lost their best human friend. "Massa Knibb dead!" passed through the island with the rapidity of lightning. In the prime of his life he was cut down. His remains were followed to their final resting place by men of all ranks and creeds—a vast assemblage of eight thousand souls. Quietly he slumbers, waiting for the resurrection. His name is a household word in Jamaica, and is mentioned with reverent admiration on every platform of freedom throughout the world.

"Man," says Emerson, "is that noble endogenous plant which grows, like the palm, from within, outward." The outer lives of the men and women we have briefly sketched were only the development of their inner qualities. They had broad and correct views of humanity. Patriotism is a virtue; but it is restricted within the limits of country, language, race. Philanthropy is a virtue of larger aim, clearer sight, wider grasp. It honours all men. Howard did not confine his journeys of mercy to Britain; all over Europe he proceeded on his benevolent march; and now he lies buried in a strange land. On the shores of a rock in the Pacific, Williams was slain. The negroes of the West India Islands followed Knibb to his grave. Universal as the air we breathe and the light which shines, have been the purposes and plans of philanthropy. Its motto is, no matter what the nation, or language,

or colour, "A man's a man for a' that." And hence it will come to pass that the names of our philanthropists will be engraved on men's hearts for ever.

Our philanthropists were deeply moved by the sight of man's social and moral condition; and, to use the language of Bishop Butler, "perception of distress in others was to them passively to pity, and actively to relieve it." There were priests and Levites in abundance; they reproduced the good Samaritan. The pursuits of the selfish, the sensual, and the frivolous, had no attractions for them. The eloquent eulogy of Burke on Howard applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to all of whom we have written:—"He has visited all Europe; not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern arts; not to collect medals, or to collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

Our philanthropists confined themselves much to one object. "Enthusiasts are men of one idea. Heroes are men of one design." John Howard, Sarah Martin, Elizabeth Fry, regarded it as their calling to befriend the prisoner. William Wilberforce and Thomas Clarkson lived to emancipate the slave. John Williams and William Knibb believed themselves commissioned by God to preach the Gospel of his grace to the heathen. Men laughed at them as people who made too much of their hobby; and yet this very element was that to which they owed much of their success.

They displayed great decision of character. In one period of John Howard's life—a period embracing three years—he travelled, on behalf of prisoners, no fewer than thirteen thousand miles. During the twelve years that immediately followed his official entrance on his great work of prison-reform, he travelled through every country in Europe except Turkey; there was not a gaol in the chief cities and towns which he did not inspect; he went over forty-two thousand miles, and devoted to his mission more than thirty thousand pounds.

We must not overlook the earnest faith of our philanthropists in the worth of their cause. The many oppose at first all new benevolent movements as they oppose all inventions in mechanics and truths in science. Prejudice, interest, conservatism, all cry out against novelty. Yet nothing destroyed the faith of our philanthropists. Elizabeth Fry believed herself engaged in a divine work as she passed from cell to cell in Newgate, and sat by the side of the prostitute, the thief, and the murderer whose hands were red with blood. This faith in our work is essential to success. To doubt is to destroy. Doubt is a worm that will eat into the fairest bud. Doubt will cover the day with darkness, however bright the dawn. Doubt must be buried in the grave of eternal oblivion if you mean to triumph.

Let us render to our philanthropists the honour which is their due. Through a misunderstanding as to what constitutes true greatness we have accorded, in too many instances, the palm to intellectual success, and enwreathed the laurel around the warrior's brow—we have offered the incense of adulation and bowed the knee to genius and the sword. Doubtless, the men who have enriched our nation with precious thought and the men who have guarded us in the hour of peril deserve their recompense. But those who have arrested the march of suffering and crime, who have delivered the poor that cried and him that had no helper, upon whose heads the blessing of them that were ready to perish has come, and who have made the widow's heart to sing for joy, are entitled to our profoundest homage and richest rewards.

In conclusion, let us seek to emulate as well as admire. "Great men exist that there may be greater."

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime."

There is the same field outspread before us as that in which the good who rest from their labours toiled. Intemperance, fraud, oppression, licentiousness, war, and a thousand other evils, are destroy-

ing their countless victims. Let us arise, and enter on our work. All the qualifications we need are a pure conscience, a clear understanding, a warm heart, a conviction burnt into our soul of the worth of our enterprise, and the strength and blessing of God. Let us begin at once to scatter across the rough path of poverty some sweet flowers; to pour into the crushed and bleeding heart of sorrow a few drops of balm; to break the fetters of the oppressed; to raise our fallen brothers who have stumbled in their way. We shall have the gratitude of many souls, and the approval of our own conscience. And when our presence is no more seen among men, and the green grass grows over our dust, our names will be prized more than jewels, and our memory will be more fragrant than the breath of the month of May.

"Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

"There, I can breathe once more," exclaimed Mrs. Sandford, coming back to the table, and dropping into her chair, throwing out her breath with a puff. "O, I am so glad every morning when Mr. Sandford is started for town!"

"You have been very busy this morning," said her friend, Mrs. Steine, who was passing a few days with her.

The ladies were still at the breakfast table. Mr. Sandford had drank off two cups of coffee, swallowed a fair quantity of steak and muffins; then saying a few pleasant words to Mrs. Steine, he jumped up from the table, wanted to know if everything was ready (by which he meant if his lunch, napkin, &c., were duly placed in his market-basket), dusted his hat, brushed his coat, snatched up his basket, jerked out a hasty good morning, and was gone.

Half-past eight precisely, or miss the train, a thing which Anson Sandford never did; but from the moment he was out of bed in the morning, he seemed to be haunted with the fear he should be too late, and consequently hurried, and fretted, and bustled round, until his poor wife with flushed face and trembling limbs announced breakfast. Then he sat down in his comfortable arm-chair, and helped himself, too hurried to attend to the wants of the children—which wants, however, were always considered by the already tired mother, ere a bit was laid upon her own plate. But ere she has taken a dozen mouthfuls, she jumps up to get this or that which must be sent by her husband to the city, or to make out a list of things to be purchased there.

With this explanation of Mrs. Sandford's exclamation that half shocked the gentle Mrs. Steine, I will simply record a little conversation of the friends.

Mrs. Steine replied, as I said, very tenderly, "You have been very busy this morning."

"Just what I am every morning; but, O dear, I would not mind the work if Mr. Sandford was not so peevish; but he hurries me and fidgets me so, I have not a moment's peace when he is here, and then, when he gets home at night"—

Mrs. Steine did not say, "Don't, please, Emma, don't expose your husband's faults!" but it was in her heart, and she unconsciously made a little move that caused her friend to suddenly pause and look at her.

"I know, Mary, that you think a wife should never speak of her husband's faults, but it is because you happen to have a faultless husband. I don't think you know how to sympathise with other women at all. Hav-

den is always so quiet, so pleasant, so pleased with everything you do, that it is easy enough for you to do well."

"I often think I am not worthy of so good a husband," said Mrs. Steine, humbly.

"No, Mary, you know I do not mean that. I think you are worthy. Your aunt Helen said you would make any man good; but I don't know about that, I think even you would not be able to live pleasantly with my husband. One cannot bear everything, and I cannot help getting worn out with Anson's ill-humour."

Mary's eyes were full of sympathy, but she did not speak, and her friend went on—

"Come, tell me what you would do if Hayden should come home at night, and look around evidently to find something to fret about. He sees a little mud on Eddy's shoes, and he says, in such a petulant tone, 'What did you let that boy go in the mud for?' As if I let him go in the mud. 'Strange you can't keep Lina from getting cold! Can't you stop that child's screaming?' and a thousand little irritating things that chafe you almost to madness. And all this when you have been trying to have a nice supper for him, and the children in order, and everything pleasant and comfortable. It is all of no use: he is irritable, and will find some way to express it. Now what would you do?"

Mary Steine leaned towards her friend, and laid her hand upon the other's wrist, saying—

"Dear Emma, I cannot say what I should do, for when I would do good evil is present with me; but I can tell you what I think would be my duty."

"What would your duty be? I am sure I want to do my duty."

"I should keep my own feelings calm, pleasant, even cheerful. I would say to myself, he is tired, he is nervous, he"—

"Ah, but you also are tired, and you have nerves as well as he."

"To be sure; but it is my own feelings that I must school, my own heart that I must weed, my own lips that I must watch. I cannot modulate his voice, but I can mine. I cannot do his duty, but I can do mine. So I will let none but kind and pleasant words escape my lips. I will think of his comfort and not of my own. If he says hasty and unkind things, I will not keep them in my mind, but remember the pleasant, loving words that he often speaks when his feelings are tranquil and his nerves quiet."

"O Mary, you know it is not natural for one to do that."

"True, dear Emma; I know the sinfulness of our poor nature; but God's grace is sufficient for us. If we cannot control, nay, subdue even, by his grace, our own irritability, can we condemn our companions for giving way to ill-humour? But we can control ourselves; we can bear patiently the faults of others by keeping our own hearts full of love; and these same unpleasantnesses, which otherwise would make our lives wretched, and be a lasting injury to our children, will gradually fade away. I think, Emma, that most men might be easily irritated at the close of a day's labour. They reach home tired and harassed by the wearying cares of the day: how good, then, to meet with that gentle, soothing love, that will banish care, refresh the weary spirit, and calm the excited nerves!"

"Yes, yes, Mary, this is very beautiful; but you forget that the poor wives too are tired, and jaded, and worn by a thousand cares, and are in need of just what you would have them so liberally impart."

"No, dear, I do not forget it. I know the never-ceasing demands that are made upon a wife and mother, and how often her limbs are weary and her nerves threadbare; but I know, too, that she is far happier to keep an unruffled spirit. The greater her provocations, the nobler her conquests. Tell me, Emma, if your husband is peevish or captious, and you meet him with sour looks and unpleasant words, do you feel comfortable and happy?"

"O no: never, never."

"Do you think he feels happy after speaking unkind words to you?"

"No, I know he does not; he has often told me how sorry he is."

"Then let the recollection of this make you tender and compassionate. Remove as far as is in your power every disturbing influence; and then if your husband, from fatigue, ill health, or any other cause, is unpleasant, meet it quietly—skilfully watching for the favourable moment to come, when a

few cheery words may scatter the clouds, and let in the full sunshine of a happy home."

"Your words are good, Mary, and how I wish I could always be meek and good; but the cares of life press so heavily upon me that I am weak and do nothing right, but I will try." She dropped her face in her hands and wept.

Tears also dimmed Mary Steine's blue eyes as she said, with sweet emphasis, "*The Lord is my strength and my shield.*"

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

SEED BY THE WAYSIDE.

We knew a Christian man once who made it a principle to speak on the subject of personal religion to every one with whom he was brought in contact for any length of time. It needs much wisdom and Christian tact to carry out such a resolution without giving offence; but every one who sows seed by the wayside may hope to gather in a good harvest in the end. An American Baptist periodical tells a story of Dr. Coke, one of the early Methodists, who laboured in season and out of season.

Dr. Coke was travelling once in what was then a wilderness part of the country. At that time there were few bridges, but to swim streams was a small feat with the hardy pioneers of Methodism and their well-trained steeds. A river lay in his course, and he endeavoured by a direct route to cross it at the ford, but missed the place. Impatient to proceed, he patted the neck of his horse and plunged into the flood. The water was deep, and the horse becoming alarmed, began to struggle and sink, to the imminent peril of his rider. The doctor, extricating his feet from his stirrups, seized on an overhanging bough, and, after being thoroughly drenched, reached the shore, to which the affrighted animal had also returned.

He remained in the forest till he had dried his clothes in the sun, and then mounted to return. On the road he met a man who directed him to the nearest village, and gave him the address of a kind family, where he might expect to be hospitably entertained as an ambassador of God. The doctor, as usual, gave him a hearty word of exhortation, and rode on, wearied with the fatigues of the day, but happy in the expectation of cordial reception and comfortable rest in the neighbouring hamlet.

Early in the evening he arrived at the village, and was received with all kindness by the good lady of the house to which he had been directed. The table was spread with a bountiful meal, and after his usual domestic service, which consisted in an appropriate exhortation, beside the Scripture lesson and prayer, he retired to rest, thankful to God for so comfortable a conclusion to the trials of the day. The next morning he took an early leave of the family, addressing to each some spiritual counsel, and leaving behind a single tract; for at that day these convenient little vehicles of truth were rare and precious, and the few who distributed them were obliged to make the best of them.

The doctor returned to England, visited Ireland and the West Indies, traversing, as usual, land and sea in the cause of his Master. After five years had passed away he was again on the American continent. On his way to one of the conferences he overtook a number of preachers who were journeying thither. They all hailed their old friend and bishop with hearty congratulations; but one young man who accompanied them was deeply affected at the unexpected meeting, and was observed to wipe the tears from his eyes. When they had ridden several miles the young man contrived to get by the side of the doctor, and on inquiring if he recollected being in a certain part of America about five years ago, he answered in the affirmative.

"And do you recollect, sir, being nearly drowned in trying to cross a river?"

"I remember it quite well."

"And do you remember spending the night at the cottage of a widow lady in such a village?"

"Indeed I do," said the doctor, "and

I shall not soon forget the kindness shown me by that excellent family."

"And do you remember that you presented a tract to the lady when you departed the next morning?"

"I do not recall that," replied the doctor; "but as I do so often, it is quite possible I did so then."

"Well, sir, you did leave there a tract, which that lady still keeps, and if you ever pass through the village again, you can see it; but no money can purchase it from her. She read it, and the Lord made it the instrument of her conversion; a number of her children and neighbours have also been converted through its instrumentality; and there is now in the village a prosperous society."

"God be praised!" exclaimed the doctor, and the tears gushed in a flood from his eyes.

The young man, weeping also, proceeded: "I have not quite reported all yet. I am one of the sons of that widow, and I shall ever bless God for that tract, for, by reading it, my feet were directed in the way to heaven, and I am now going to conference to be proposed as a travelling preacher. My saddle-bags are half full of tracts, and I shall ever carry them with me and scatter them in my course."

Reader, though you may consider yourself the feeblest child of God, here is a potent means of good which you can use daily. Have you small talents? Can you not speak with readiness for your Lord? Then carry with you these little messages of truth. Let them speak in your stead. You may thus scatter seed that may bring forth fruit, "some thirty, some sixty, some a hundred-fold."

A CURE FOR GRUMBLING.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.
"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.
How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?
In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.
Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the blest."
Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.
See'st thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there—
So rude a mass, it makes one stare!
A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say no meaning's there conveyed;
For where's the middle? where's the border?
The carpet now is all disorder."
Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout—
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."
Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean;
And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.
As, when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends,
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God;
No plan nor pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace:
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side;
But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine;
What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,
For then the carpet shall be turned."
"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble,
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

A CHILD'S RELIGION.

In a poor unwholesome home, a little time ago, a father died of fever. He left as desolate a home as I had ever seen. On the burial night, his widow

and children were seated by the fire; the only daughter, a child of ten years, looking with a wearied look into her mother's face, said, "Mother, how sore my head is!" Next day fever in her was also developed, and for the safety of the rest she was ordered to the hospital. She was one of our Sabbath school scholars. Just before the twilight hour the hospital van came to take her. In times of trouble you often see among the poor a quiet strength that rises to heroism. When the wheels of the van were heard in the lane and pausing at the door, there was simply, "Maggie, they have come for you now." To prepare to go, the child at once raised her aching head from the pillow, with her artless,—"Mother, ye *ken* I may not come back to you again. Will the man wait till I sing my hymn?" And with a quivering voice she began with,

"Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die,
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high."

After a moment's pause she took up the chorus of another favourite hymn with our scholars:—

"Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
Nearer home."

And so they carried the ailing child that night, with joyous thoughts as these filling her young heart, to pitch her tent in the place where the journey from this to the eternal world is so short and so often made. O blessed religion, this of Jesus! Blessed to the child of ten as well as the sage of seventy years. "This is but a child's religion," you say. Yes, and is it not the glory of the Gospel that it does give strength and gladness to the young heart? The most childlike are most blessed by it. Jesus the loving Saviour will yet, as when on earth, deal gently with the little ones, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A Page for the Young.

FAITH DOUGLAS.

Little Faith Douglas was one of the prettiest, brightest, best-natured babies you ever saw. She had such cunning, little, round, dimpled fists; such soft, golden-brown hair; such chubby, pinky cheeks; such sweet, full, kissable lips; and above all, such beautiful, large, bright, laughing eyes. No one could look on little Faith and not think of the better land. She was fatherless, this little baby girl, and though she was the darling of her poor mother's heart, she learned early that the pathway of her little life was not all flower-strewn. Perhaps, as she lay in her rough, wooden cradle, and watched her mother at her weary work, she learned her first lesson in patient endurance, and brought so early that calm, smiling light into her sweet baby-eyes. "Purple and fine linen" were not for her, but her fair little face was just as lovely amidst the coarse, clean blankets of her rough, little bed, and no unwholesome dainties robbed her pretty round cheeks of their roses. She would lie for hours upon the soft grass in the little yard, watching the fluttering leaves, the blue sky, the chirping birds, and the bright-coloured hollyhocks—now and then stretching her chubby hands towards her mother, at her work near, or murmuring to herself in that sweet tone which all babies bring with them from heaven.

"Dear baby!" her mother would say, "how she loves the light! She never tires while she can see her mother or the sky."

Poor mother! how little she dreamed, as she looked in those beautiful eyes, of the great sorrow in store.

The roses of little Faith's third summer were just in bloom, when the cloud rose which darkened the fair sky of all her life. She was sitting in the low doorway one bright June morning, with her lap full of dandelions, and her sweet eyes full of happy light,

when she suddenly turned a puzzled, bewildered face to her mother, and asked—

"Mamma, has the night come?"

"No, my darling, it is bright day," her mother said.

The child stood up, and the dandelions fell in a golden rain around her, but she did not see them; only stretching her hands out towards her mother, she cried piteously—

"Help me! help me, mamma! for the darkness has come over my eyes!"

Little Faith had been stricken with blindness!

Dear children, whose happy eyes greet every day the beautiful earth and sky, and the faces of those you love, I know you will think pityingly of this little one, from whose innocent life all earthly light was for ever shut out; who might never again look on the green fields, or delight in the gay-coloured flowers, or watch the golden sunlight straining through the leaves and across the water; or—oh, a thousand times sadder than all—behold her mother's face!

The kindly neighbours, who had given her mother help and employment in all her times of need, lent their willing aid, and the child was sent to the city that she might have the best medical attendance; but all in vain. Her mother would often say—

"Oh, how can my poor darling live when I am gone? She will be so *helpless* in her poverty, for I cannot always be with her to work for her."

The kind neighbouring children often came to take her out for a walk, or to spend an hour or two amusing the gentle little girl. One day she passed, holding by her little friend Jamie Ramy's hand, the house of an old man, whose life had been very sad, for one after another he had seen his dear wife and little ones go down to the grave, till he alone was left, childless and almost friendless, in his great house, with all his broad fields around him, and none but hired servants to tend and care for him. As he sat that day in his great arm-chair beneath the vines about his porch, he heard the happy voice of the little blind girl, and it brought back sweet memories of other days when his own children were around him. He did not know that she was blind; so calling to Jamie to open the gate, he held his trembling hands, and called—

"Little one, come and give me some of the sunlight which you carry about with you."

Little Faith heard the kindly voice, and turning her sightless eyes towards him, she held out her chubby hands, and ran into his arms.

"What sweet, bright eyes!" he said. "Ah, if you were only mine, pretty one, I should not mourn my youth so much, for I should see through your eyes. What is your name, darling?"

"Faith," replied the child; "and *I* am blind, too."

It seemed like a rebuke from heaven to the sad old man, and he held the child close to his heart, while the great tears fell over his withered cheeks.

From that day little Faith Douglas was the almost constant companion of the rich old man at the great house, and when, three years afterwards, he folded his weary hands, and lay gently down to take his last rest, they found in his will these words:

"Save the few reservations I have made in favour of my servants, to little Faith Douglas, the blind child, through whose sweet resignation in affliction I have learned, in my old age, submission to the will of my heavenly Father, I leave all of which I die possessed."

In the pleasant little village where her baby-eyes first opened to the light, and closed again so soon—a beautiful blind woman, loving and beloved, lives Faith Douglas. By her great wealth she has been able to bring comfort and joy to many sad hearts and homes, and we all know that when death's angel shall touch, with his pale fingers, her darkened eyes, the full glory of the heaven she has won shall shine in upon her gentle soul, and she shall never know sorrow or darkness any more.

WILLIE'S FAITH.

Willie V. was the only son of his parents. When very young his mother began to teach him about God and heaven, and his mind seemed to drink in all the sweet things she told him, just as the flowers receive into their bosoms the drops of dew that give them strength and beauty. Before he was three years old, he would often sit gazing into the sky, and would say:

"Willie's watching for the holy angels, and waiting to hear them sing!"

The lesson that his mother endeavoured to impress most deeply upon his young heart was that of faith in God. Faith in him for all things whatsoever, and that for Jesus' sake he would bestow upon him all necessary good.

When he was four years old a terrible shadow settled down upon him, and by the time Willie was seven, their home and everything was taken from them, and they were thrown upon the charity of friends. Soon Willie's clothes and boots began to wear out, but his mother was too poor to purchase new ones. On one occasion he came to her, saying: "Mother, can't I have some new boots? My toes are all out of these. The snow gets in, and I'm so cold!"

A tear filled his mother's eye, when she answered: "Soon, Willie, I hope to give them to you."

He waited patiently several days, until one morning as he stood at the window watching the boys play with their sleds, he sobbed:

"Oh, mother, it's too hard! Can't I get some boots anywhere?"

"Yes, Willie, you can."

"I can!" he eagerly exclaimed. "Where? Where? Tell me quick!"

"Do you not know, my son?" replied his mother. "Think now."

Willie stood for a moment, as if in deep thought, then with a smile looked up into his mother's face, and said: "Oh, I know! God will give them to me, of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go right off and ask him!"

He walked out of the parlour into his mother's room, she quietly following him, and standing concealed from his view, she saw him kneel down, and, covering his face with his hands, he prayed: "Oh, God! father drinks; mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet. I want some boots. Please send me a pair, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was all. He often repeated his pitiful little petition, and the best of all was, he expected an answer to his prayer.

"They'll come, mother!" he would often say encouragingly. "They'll come when God gets ready."

Within a week, a lady, who dearly loved the child, came to take him out walking. He hesitated for a few moments, but soon determined to go, and they started off. At length the lady noticed his stockings peeping out at the toes of his boots, when she exclaimed:

"Why, Willie, look at your feet! They will freeze! Why didn't you put on a better pair?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"All you have! But why don't you have a new pair?" she inquired.

"I will, just as soon as God sends them," he confidently replied.

Tears filled the lady's eyes, and with a quivering lip she led him into a shoe-shop near by, saying, "There, child, select any pair you please." The boots were soon selected, and a more happy, thankful boy never lived.

On his return home, he walked to the centre of the room where his mother was sitting, and pulling his pants up until you could see his fat knees above the tops, he said:

"Look, mother! God has sent my boots! Mrs. Gray's money bought them, but God heard me ask for them, and I suppose he told Mrs. Gray to buy them for me."

Then he stood with an earnest, solemn light in his eye, as though he were receiving a new baptism of faith from heaven, then quietly added, "We must always remember how near God is to us;" and kneeling at his mother's feet he said, "Jesus, I thank you very much for my boots. Please make me a good boy, and take care of mother. Amen."

Willie is now fourteen years of age, and is a consistent member of the church of Christ. In all things he trusts his Saviour, and every desire of his heart he carries directly to God, and patiently waits the answer, and it always comes.

Our Sunday Schools.

"WHAT THOU DOEST, DO QUICKLY!"

THE above text has been suggested to my mind by an incident which recently occurred in my experience. The incident, though in itself trifling, has made an impression on my mind which, I trust, will never be effaced; and I relate it in the hope that others may by it be impressed with the lesson, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might!"

In exploring the streets and alleys of our city a few months since, as a Sabbath school teacher, for the purpose of bringing under religious instruction destitute and degraded children, I entered a dwelling, or rather room, which bore marks of nothing but the deepest poverty and degradation. It was one of the coldest days of a very severe winter, but no fire blazed upon the hearth, and nothing was seen which bore the semblance to a bed, save a bundle of straw in one corner of the room, over which was thrown a tattered blanket. Surely, thought I, no ray of sunshine can enter the hearts of the inmates of this wretched abode! Here I found a bright-eyed boy, some ten years of age. Seating myself on a broken chair, I called him to my side, and spoke to him some kind words. They seemed to fall like strange music on his ear. I asked him if he could read, and if ever he attended a Sunday school; to which he replied in the negative. When I proposed taking him with me, his eyes sparkled with delight, and he gladly replied that he would go. His countenance, beaming with joy, told, more eloquently than words could have done, his gratitude, —that he felt and appreciated the interest taken in him. Upon further conversation, I learned that he was a motherless boy, deserted by his father; that the family with whom he was living had given him shelter, but on condition that he should beg bread for them, as well as himself, daily, from door to door. I left, promising to call again in a short time, provide suitable clothing, and take him to the school. This I intended to do without delay, but, under a pressure of other duties, he was neglected, though not forgotten; for often did the image of this deserted boy, in his lonely, desolate home, present itself to my mind, and I felt that I *must* fulfil my promise to him; still I delayed, and time passed on.

At length, after the lapse of some five or six weeks, I called again; but, alas! it was too late. Little James was no more. He had died—died from want and neglect—with no kind friend to minister to his necessities, to smooth his dying pillow, to point him to the children's Friend, and tell him of a better world, where his weary, worn spirit might find rest. A leaden weight fell upon my heart as I heard the tidings. Fain would I have recalled the past. I almost felt that I was guilty of his blood. I seemed to hear the Judge of all saying, "You knew your duty, and did it not, therefore his blood shall be required at your hands." I returned home conscience-smitten, resolved never again to defer till to-morrow a duty which should be performed to-day. And often since, the image of that poor boy, dying without a knowledge of the Saviour, and saying, "No man careth for my soul," is vividly before me. I tremble at the thought of meeting him at the judgment.

Fellow-labourers in the kingdom of Christ, let us ask ourselves the question, Do we, from day to day, improve every opportunity of doing good to souls, and honouring the Master? Let us labour as those who must shortly give account; remembering that we are held responsible, not only for what we have done, but also for what we have neglected to do. Soon the mandate may come to us, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward."

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The attention of our readers has been already called to the address from the pastors in Jamaica to the churches under their care, on the then approaching *fiftieth* anniversary of the Mission in that island, where the Rev. John Rowe landed Feb. 23, 1814. Our brethren proposed to raise a fund to promote the extension of the African Mission, in which they take the deepest interest,—to increase the number and improve the character of their day schools,—to complete and put into good repair chapels not yet finished, and old ones needing renovating,—and to form a *Jubilee Mission* in the island itself, in which there are many outlying parts beyond the reach of any settled pastor, and where the people can only be reached by a home missionary visiting regularly the stations selected for preaching the Gospel.

Now we apprehend that no one of our readers will be indifferent to these objects; and our Jamaica brethren have shown much wisdom in confining their proposed fund to them. They are few and simple, but very important. They begin with the African Mission, and end with a Home Mission; and this is put last, not because they are unmindful of the Saviour's direction to his apostles about "beginning at Jerusalem;" for our friends began at *home*. They have cultivated that first, and have done it well. But they want to do it more thoroughly; and as circumstances have tended greatly to change the dwelling-places of the people, they feel the necessity of following them to their new abodes.

Our brethren naturally look to England for help in this time of need, as well as of joy. The Jamaica churches raised a large sum of money when *the* Mission Jubilee was held in 1842. Now that theirs is come they say, "Will not you help us?" The committee would gladly have done something in response to this appeal. But it was not possible to afford effectual aid with the large deficit in their view. They, therefore, deferred the matter until the close of the financial year. And having received a blessing from the divine hand, through the churches, which has removed all present anxiety about the Society's pecuniary affairs, they will be able to help the Jamaica pastors and churches, who have deputed the Rev. W. Teall to visit this country on their behalf, and we bespeak for him a cordial welcome.

The brethren out there have not been idle. The first important meeting was held at Montego Bay, on the 17th of February last. It consisted of the ministers and delegates of the Jamaica Baptist Union, representing over 300,000 persons; and it is stated by competent judges, that not less than ten thousand persons were present at a great gathering which was held in the open air.

Recent mails brought some further intelligence of Jamaica Jubilee doings; and, among others, the MS. of a sermon preached by the Rev. D. J. East, President of the Calabar Institution, at Falmouth, in the chapel once occupied by William Knibb, has been received. Most likely it will be printed along with a history of our mission in Jamaica by the Rev. J. Clark, and other documents prepared by Revs. W. Dendy and B. Millard, in a small volume to be published in commemoration of the past fifty years.

The following extract from it will interest all our readers:—

1. Fifty years ago Jamaica was, with very limited exceptions, a very Sodom of iniquity.* All classes were addicted to the most shameless profligacy. Marriage, in many districts, was hardly known, and on some estates was absolutely prohibited. We have much to mourn over still; but how great the social change which has come over the land! Now concubinage, amongst what are called the respectable classes, is becoming branded as dishonourable, and marriage is becoming the rule; while family ties, and the hallowed associations of home, are inducing an improved social morality in other respects.

2. Fifty years ago, 300,000 out of 350,000 of the population were down-trodden and oppressed under the iron foot of slavery; and men and women were driven to the field, and forced to their unrequited tasks like beasts of burden; and often flogged and tortured with relentless cruelty on the most frivolous pretences. Now, for six-and-twenty years the boon of liberty has been enjoyed, so that four-fifths of our present population can say, they were never in bondage to any man.

3. Fifty years ago, the masses of the people were sunk in the grossest abominations of African superstition: for the great masses of them there were no Bibles, no

* Parts of the parish of St. Elizabeth, where Moravian missionaries, and one or two churchmen were labouring, exceptional.

Sabbaths, no schools: and some of the professed ministers of religion were among the most profligate and abandoned of the community. How changed the state of things now! We have superstition, and ignorance, and irreligion enough still. But, blessed be God, we have no longer a heathen community. Too many profane God's holy day in idleness, and sloth, and dissipation; and very many keep Sabbath only once in fourteen, instead of once in seven days. But now the Christian Sabbath is an institution everywhere acknowledged, and with more or less rigidness observed. Places of Christian worship occupy not only our towns, but lift up their heads in almost every mountain village and district of the land; so that the public means of grace are brought within reach of nearly the whole population. And every Christian denomination has a goodly band of faithful, hard-working, godly ministers, who watch for souls, as those who must give account unto God. Jamaica is not paradise; its inhabitants are not angels; iniquity still abounds; the love of many waxes cold; and many walk, of whom your pastors tell you often, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ. But, we bless God, Jamaica is not what she once was,—a slave-cursed sink of abominations.

4. Fifty years ago, it is to be feared, that in some parts you might have searched in vain for a single God-fearing, praying, Christian man. What is the case now? Why, to say nothing of other Christian denominations, there are now in connection with our own Mission upwards of seventy regularly organized Christian churches, comprising more than 30,000 members, presided over by one-and-forty Christian pastors, of whom nineteen are men of your own clime, whom God has raised up amongst yourselves, and counted faithful, putting them into the ministry. No doubt among these 30,000 church-members there are large numbers who have a name to live, while they are dead. But making every allowance for a nominal, or a hypocritical profession, we believe there is a glorious company whose hearts have been renewed, and over whom we may rejoice as new creatures in Christ Jesus.

5. And who shall say, how many during the PAST FIFTY YEARS have passed away from the church militant in this land, to the church triumphant in heaven? O, we are sure that from the churches of Christ in Jamaica, there is even now a goodly fellowship who, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, appear pure and spotless before the throne of God: and of these, some, as faithful witnesses, having sealed their testimony to the truth with their blood, are honoured to wear the martyr's crown. Truly, brethren, in the review of the past fifty years, we may wonderingly exclaim, "What has God wrought!" And as gratefully add, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

THE letters which Mr. Smith has recently sent from Delhi give interesting information of the state and prospects of the mission in that place. Mr. Smith is carrying on the work with his accustomed energy, and with encouraging signs of success. We wish it was in his power to carry out *all* his views; but time and patience are needed where the work is surrounded with difficulties that appear almost insuperable. He writes as follows:—

"In some respects the Mission looks very encouraging: the congregations are excellent everywhere. In the Chaock the crowds are increasing, and more visitors come for conversation to the mission-house. The prayer-meetings among inquirers and native Christians are well attended. On Monday evening I had more than 100 present at Meerka Gunge; last evening I had 50 at Delhi Darwara. This morning I visited Pahar Gunge, and had much interesting conversation with a number of people. Our native agents are generally working well. We have just had one party of three of them out to Gurgauw and Rewanee, and they were received enthusiastically by the people generally. Bhagwan has just returned from Bhagput, a large town where we have taken a house and are sending a teacher. He says, day after day, until late at night, he was engaged in preaching and conversation, and he could scarcely get even necessary sleep. I have visited two of our new stations, and was much encouraged by the number of apparently earnest inquirers who came to me for conversation. Several were anxious for baptism, and, if they continue, will in due time be received. In the district the desire for teachers is very great, and we are meeting it as far as we can; but we are much shackled for funds, and must have present help. The mission has suffered much, and it will take some time to remove bad impressions; still, I think we shall gradually regain the confidence of the Christian public. Our expenses are nearly 300 Rs. per month, and we cannot decrease them without impairing the efficiency of our operations. We have formed a local committee, consisting of the two missionaries, Mr. Parry, Mr. Dannenberg, Mr. Moss (his brother is a Baptist minister at home), and Bhagwan Das and Kurreem Bukah, the two native pastors; and I hope we shall work well and systematically. The committee meets monthly. I meet the native agents every Saturday. One reads a short sermon. We have a Bible-class, and then a long conference as to the progress in the various stations. All the native agents are at their posts: not one lives with me: and they are improving very rapidly. Our theological class is small, but one of our students bids fair to be a very superior man. We should have a larger class, but for want of funds. We have service in the new chapel, although it is unfinished. The English congregation was large; but a complete change in the troop has just taken place, and we have to commence anew with a fresh regi-

ment. I am glad to say about forty attend already, and I dare say they will rapidly increase. The native Sabbath congregation is not so large as it used to be; but it is improving. Last Sabbath morning sixty native Christians were present, and about the doors and verandahs a large crowd was assembled. We have been making great efforts to take charge of the district, for we must do it now, or be entirely shut out. I think this a most important movement, and rejoice in it. Instead of crowding all labours into the towns on the main roads, a regular attack is being made on the whole country. Our native agents are out in all directions, preaching the Gospel. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has taken up Panlput, Soanput, Bitriwani, and Rewary; and we have taken Secunderabad, Gazee Nugger, Bhagput, Futtehabad, Gurgauw, and Rhotuk. This will produce a great change in the district, and as we look for a universal movement in favour of Christianity ere long, the diffusion of the truth becomes most desirable.

"I had the unspeakable pleasure of baptizing Walaiyat Ali's only son last month. He is a nice lad, and I hope will walk in his father's footsteps. Nothing could persuade him to join the Episcopal Church, though persuasion was freely tried, and an offer even to immerse him, I believe, made. We are perseveringly trying to fill the city and district with the truth, and feel confidence in leaving the issue with Him who never fails to honour his own means. My dear brother, don't forget our pecuniary wants. They are urgent just now, and I can scarcely keep things going. Last year scarcely anything was received either from England or in India. I am in excellent health, thank God, and my family are all well."

Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

ITALY.—Many of our readers know that a Mission was lately commenced, by some members of our denomination, in Italy. Mr. Wall, formerly of Calne, went out to Bologna, some months since. His labours appear to be blessed. The following extract from his last letter gives some idea of the kind of labour in which he is engaged:—

"Sometime about the middle of last month I commenced a service in English at one of the hotels for our countrymen who, at this season, are flocking home from the more southern parts of Italy. I thought that, subjected as they are to many temptations, the Gospel would be of use to those who know how to appreciate it, and that a word of warning might not be without results to those who are playing round Popery, with its gorgeous rites, as the foolish moth about the merciless flame. The first I found, scorched and fallen, was a lady who has resided here for some years. Her daughter was already in the convent, her son a Catholic, and she herself about to take the same step. Poor woman! she comes regularly to the service, and will, I trust, find the Saviour; but when a mother has sent her children before her, I should think she seldom refuses to follow them. One morning, not being at the service, I inquired the reason, and found she had been permitted to see her daughter, to shake hands with her through the convent grating, and kiss her through the same. Cruel separation of what God had joined together!

"I find that the service is become more important than I anticipated. We have sometimes between thirty and forty persons; often I have found true Christians who were very deeply interested in the great work going on in this land of promise, and who tried to do what they could to help it forward. The Christians of different opinions but of the one life, are all desirous to see the darkness of the land removed.

"With regard to the Italians, I have somewhat changed my mode of action. Finding the portions of Scripture did not come from England, nor from the place where I had sent for them in Italy, I resolved to give New Testaments in all serious cases, and the results have shown me this thought came from God. A servant who received one showed it to her young mistress, and she read it through. A little boy, who expressly desired to come to the service, received one; I gave it to him after he had inquired if his parents would permit him to read it. A soldier, to whom I gave one, came day after day to read it with me; he seemed so earnest that I wished to have some means of knowing how he acted when with his comrades. When his turn came to keep guard at a powder-magazine about two miles out of the city, I went, and found him, with eight others, in a little smoky cot. They had been reading the Testament to one another, and one was in the act of copying a part of the Gospel according to Matthew. After speaking with them, I found they were anxious to obtain the book, so I arranged with all who could read to come to my house. Since that time I have had a class each afternoon for them to read with me. They come, they listen attentively, and if I am to judge from fruits, some have earnestly received the message of God's love. They have read them constantly in the barracks, and some of the Testaments are well thumbed. I know, by the ques-